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MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS
BY
A.S. THOMPSON

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

ANN STUART THOMPSON,

(OF NEW YORK.)

LONDON:
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Dedication.

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY THE

AUTHOR, TO

HER HUSBAND.

Preface.

A majority of the pieces herein were composed during a long residence of the writer in England, and an equally long absence from the land of her nativity.

Should the perusal of the little volume edify, cheer, or amuse the reader, or in any way tend to while away a leisure hour, the chief object of the publication will then have been attained by

THE AUTHOR.

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MEMORY'S PICTURES OF RURAL LIFE.

HAPPY childhood, oft I wander
Back through life's dark path to thee:
Every place yet seems familiar,
But how dreamy 'tis to me.

I can see a little cottage
Standing on a mountain high,
Many trees around it cluster,
Over it their shadows lie.

From the kitchen leads a pathway
To the well that's never dry:
There the bucket ever hangeth
For the thirsty passer-by.

Farther on the pathway leadeth
To the old barn and the hay,
Where I often hunted hens' nests,
Or with schoolmates went to play.

To that old barn wrens and robins
Came to build their nests in spring:
There they reared their little nestlings,
Taught them how to fly and sing.

There old chanticleer is strutting
Through the barn-yard like a king;
Loud and shrill I hear him crowing,
Then in triumph flap his wing.

And the old hen is so happy,
Caring for her little brood,
That she's always cluck, cluck, clucking,
While she scratches for their food.

When she sees the night approaching,
And the birds have ceased to sing,
Then she calls them, with affection,
To the shelter 'neath her wing.

In the field old Jack is ploughing:
What a happy man is he
As he whistles, sings, and calls out
To the oxen—"Ge, ho, ge!"

Flocks of sheep are in the distance;
By the river cattle stray;
And the old cow-bell is tinkling—
Tinkling, tinkling, all the day.

O'er the lawn there is a pathway
Leading to the garden gate:
There the hollyhock is standing,
And my coming seems to wait.

There are lilies, pansies, roses,
Larkspur, sweet pea, and blue bell,
And how many other flowers
It would puzzle me to tell.

Some fold up their little blossoms
As the sunlight fades away,
Minding me of little children
Who are weary of the day.

There are currant bushes, raspberries,
A peach and cherry tree;
Though a plain old country garden,
It is beautiful to me.

Swarms of bees are humming, buzzing,
Round the hives and 'mong the flowers,
Teaching us this useful lesson—
To improve our precious hours.

Ah! I know not which is sweetest,
The bird-song in the tree,
Or the humming in the garden
Of the little busy bee.

Walking onward to the shadows
Of the forest wild and lone:
In that silence well known voices
Greet me with familiar tone.

There I see the pretty wild flowers,
And the little babbling streams,
That bring to me sweet memories
Of joy in childish dreams.

The birds are singing merrily,
On every bush and tree,
The same sweet songs that years ago
They often sang to me.

I see the squirrel climbing high,
Leaping from tree to tree,
And from its lofty station look
Defiant down on me.

In gleeful mood the wind sweeps by,
Its song is wild and free,
It makes my heart with rapture swell,
I love its minstrelsy.

Other landmarks I discover,
Most of them are dimmed by time;
One oft leads me to the village
Where I hear the church-bell chime.

Then I wander to the grave-yard,
Where the grass is waving high;
Where the weeping willow bendeth;
Where the dead in silence lie.

I can see the little hillocks,
And the grave-stones, brown and white,
Stand like ghosts of the departed:
Still and solemn is the sight.

There are monuments that tell us
Of some noble deeds been done,
By the good, or great, or rich man:
Battles fought or victories won.

But I love the simple grave-stone,
Where the name is only told;
Sacred shrine of love and sorrow,—
There I linger as of old.

Then I walk up through the dim aisles
Of the church. How still it seems
While the last ray of the sunlight
On the little pulpit gleams.

To God's holy book it pointeth
Like a finger from the sky,
And a spirit seems to whisper,
"Learn by that to live and die."

Just beyond I see the school-house,
Standing on a grassy hill;
O'er it one large tree is bending,
By it runs a little rill.

Chattering, laughing, 'mong the pebbles,
Tireless it pursues its way,
Clear and bright along the meadow
Where the children are at play.

They are running, jumping, leaping,
Laughing, shouting, full of glee;
Some the butterfly are chasing,
Some are climbing fence and tree.

But a tap upon the window
Tells them they must cease their play;
What a change comes o'er their faces!
With reluctance they obey.

In the meadow next are workmen
Turning, tossing, raking hay,
All without their coats and jackets,
For it is a sultry day.

High with hay the cart is laden,
One boy on the top I see,
And another drives the oxen,
While they jog on lazily.

Broader grows that stream and deeper,
As it slowly winds its way
Down along the wooded valley,
Where the sunbeams seldom play.

While the leaves look fresher, greener,
And the violet sweetly blows;
Where in solemn grandeur Nature
Ever seemeth to repose.

Where the voice of echo answereth
To the music of the bird,
And the moaning of the waters
Hath my soul with sadness stirr'd.

Where the little truant children
By the river love to play;
Where they come to gather wild flowers
When they have a holiday.

I can see the shoes and stockings
Lying 'neath a chestnut tree,
And the little barefoot children
Wading high up to the knee.

Here I see the shawls and bonnets
Lying on a mossy plot;
Scattered 'mong them are the wild rose,
And the sweet forget-me-not.

Then far down the stream I saunter
To the old and noisy mill,
There its wheel is turning, turning,
And it seemeth never still.

How the water in its fury
Rushes here in madd'ning strife,
Roaring, foaming, heaving, dashing,
Like a thing of human life.

And the dusty miller standeth
'Mid the wild and deaf'ning roar,
While the bags of grain are lying
All around him on the floor.

Then I leave the mill, returning
To the cottage through the lane,
As the sun's last rays are shining
Brightly on the window pane.

And the long and ghost-like shadows
Stretch themselves across the lawn,
As if reaching back to tell us
That the day is nearly gone.

All the western sky is brilliant
With the light of parting day,
But how soon that brightness fadeth,
Leaving but the twilight ray.

What a peaceful calm it bringeth
To our earth! What sweet repose!
Heavenly spirits seem to hover
Nearer at the sunlight's close.

Now I see an old man sitting
By that little cottage door,
And his faithful dog is lying
Close beside him on the floor.

Night has come: the moon is rising
From behind yon distant hill,
And the vesper star is shining,
But the old man sits there still.

Carelessly the winds are playing
Through his locks of snowy hair;
And a little fair-haired maiden
Leans upon his rustic chair.

On his oaken staff he leaneth,
With his eyes upon the ground,
While she looks with admiration
On the beauties all around.

Her thoughts are fixed upon this world,
So new and bright it seems,
That joyful are her waking hours,
And happy are her dreams.

Around the old man's neck she twines
Her arms so lovingly;
Kisses his faded, withered cheek,
And says so pleasantly:—

"O grandpa, what a glorious night!
Not one cloud can I see;
Think you heaven can ever look
More beautiful to me?"

"Yours is the dawn of morn, my child,
But mine the close of even;
This world looks bright to you, but not
So bright to me as heaven.

"I know life is a pilgrimage;
This feeble, tottering form,
Has braved its rough and weary way
Through many a bitter storm.

"And though upon my head is wreathed
A coronal of snow;
Yet in my heart I feel the warmth
Of spring's inspiring glow.

"Through death's dark shadow I behold
A bright and heavenly shore,
Where winter's dreary snows will fall
Upon my head no more."

The child yet lives, and often thinks
Of what the old man said;
But her desires are turned from earth
To heaven since he is dead.

I know not which is fairest, best,
Life's opening or its close;
The one leads to a world of care,
The other to repose.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

AT midnight's dark and silent hour,
When all the world in slumber lies,
My restless soul more wakeful seems,
As through the land of dreams she flies.

O 'tis a land of freedom, where
The spirit ever loves to roam,
For there the past in beauty lives
When all around us here is gloom.

She meets with many a kindred soul;
They wander through the forest wild,
And sport upon the same green banks,
Where childhood's hours were oft beguiled.

Youth, beauty, hope, around her bloom,
And life to her doth joyful seem;
She's lost to all life's weary cares,
And knoweth not 'tis but a dream.

In bowers where vines in clusters hang,
And fairest flowers like censers swing,
She listens to the songs of birds
That through the wood and valley ring.

She wanders 'mong the silent graves,
And weepeth o'er the mould'ring clay;
There lingering till it wakes to life
Memories that long since passed away.

Down to the depths of ocean, where
The foot of man hath never trod,
She wanders 'mong the rocks and caves,
And listens to the voice of God.

She hears it in the water's song,
And in the music of the shell,
And sweet harmonious songs of praise
Are borne to heaven on every swell.

How swift she flies from ocean caves
To climb the rugged mountain steep;
From cliff to cliff, from tree to tree,
How light and joyful doth she leap.

She soars through ether's boundless space
Up to the stars on wings of light,
Gazing in wonder at new worlds
That greet her in her onward flight.

And oft she enters heaven's bright gates,
  And mingles with the angel throng;
She listens to their melody,
  And joins the chorus of their song.

But morning breaks, and with night-shades
  The dreamy visions all depart;
An emblem of life's fleeting joys
  That fail to satisfy the heart.

CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

WEARY and faint a traveller came
  And sat Him down by Jacob's well,
The lonely wanderer's name none knew,
  From whence He came they could not tell.

Another came unto the well,
Who often had been there before,
She came with simple, modest grace,
And in her hand a pitcher bore.

She look'd upon the stranger's face;
He said to her, "Give me to drink,"
Samaria's daughter stood amazed
And knew not what of Him to think.

She said, "I know Thou art a Jew,
Then why dost Thou ask drink of me,
Thou must have heard, sure Thou must know,
That we no dealings have with Thee."

"Woman thou know'st not who it is
That asketh water at this well,
All power in heaven and earth is mine,
I know thy heart, thy thoughts can tell.

"Had'st thou but come for drink to me,
From a pure fountain I would give
Of living water, heavenly stream,
And those who drink of it shall live."

"But, Sir, Thou'st nothing to draw with,
Behold how very deep the well,
From whence then comes this living stream
Of water? Stranger wilt Thou tell?

"Our father, Jacob, worshipped here,
Drank from this well; who canst Thou be?
Greater than Jacob, whom we bless,
Surely there's none so great as he?

"Here many a traveller findeth rest,
And sheltered from the scorching sun,
The sweet refreshing spot he knows,
And Jacob lives though he is gone."

"But," Jesus said, "who drinketh of
This water they will thirst again,
That which I give comes from a stream
That waters all Immanuel's plain.

"And those who drink will thirst no more,
And everlasting life 'twill bring,
And all may drink,—the vilest, worst,—
It is a never failing spring."

The woman said, "Sir, give to me
This water, that I thirst no more,
That I come hither not to draw
Water, as I have done before."

"Go call thy husband and thy friends,
That they may come and drink with thee,
Tell them the Saviour ready waits
To give them living water free."

"Art Thou a prophet, Sir?" said she,
"Our fathers they were prophets too,
And in this mountain worshipped God,
But who art Thou? O, tell me who?"

"Ye worship, but ye know not what
Or who,"—to her was His reply;
"We seek a pure and holy light;
Worship that God who rules on high.

"Our Father loveth those who come
In sweet simplicity and truth;
The pure in heart He claims as his,
He'll be their guide in life and death."

"I know Messias cometh, Sir,
And He will tell to us all things;
He is the Christ, the Morning Star,
And glorious news to man He brings."

And Jesus meekly said to her,
"Woman! 'tis He who talks with thee;
I heal the sick, I raise the dead,
Salvation all may find through me."

Back to the town she quickly went,
Her neighbours and her friends to call:
"Come, see if this is not the Christ,
And help me—spread the news to all."

THOUGHTS ON TIME.

EACH day that made my weeks and years
Was once *to-day* to me;
But they have passed as *this* will do
Into Eternity.

Hours, minutes, seconds, make my days,
And O how swift they fly:
With every beating pulse and breath
They silently pass by.

Each day brings something new to me,
And each takes from my store,
And often leaves a shadow where
The light had shone before.

Earth's pleasures are but sunbeam-lights
That flit around the brain;
They for a moment brightly shine,
Then pass to give me pain.

That which I thought reality
Is but a misty maze:
The light of hope, the shade of gloom
Around me ever plays.

Ah! where is childhood? where is youth?
They come not back to me;
And only now in fancy I
Their shadowy forms can see.

And every day more dim they grow,
More difficult to trace,
As time still bears me farther on
With rapid, silent pace.

And where are those whom once I loved,
Friends of my early home,
Who walked youth's sunny path with me,
And talked of joys to come?

When that mysterious future seemed
To me a landscape fair:
Onward, I cried, for I shall find
All that I wish for there.

The future came, but not to me
With all the smiles of youth,
It brought reflection, through which beam'd
The light of hope and truth.

The shadowy thoughts and brilliant hopes
Of youth's bright dream had fled,
And most of all my early friends
To me were lost or dead.

Unwearied time,—I've learned from thee
That earth is not my home;
The joys I've sought on earth are those
That live beyond the tomb.

THE DAWN OF MORNING.

THE shades of night are fading,
The morning wakes to light,
The stars are disappearing,
The moon withdraws her light.

The glorious sun is rising
To drive away the gloom,
That like a curtain hangeth
Around the fairest home.

The little birds are singing
A welcome to the day;
Their hearts are full of gladness
As darkness fades away.

The flowers, all decked in dew-drops,
Are sparkling with delight;
O! who could help rejoicing
At such a glorious sight?

The light and darkness blendeth
Among the forest trees,—
The leaves are dancing gaily,
And sporting in the breeze.

Among the rocks and pebbles
The waters laugh and play,
All brilliant in their beauty
They greet the dawn of day.

Ah! nature's charms would ever
Be hidden from our sight,
Did not the dawn of morning
Beam through the shades of night!

So doth the light of heaven
Through man's dark visions shine,
And from his soul there beameth
A spirit pure—divine.

His nature all the beauties
Of love and truth impart;
The image of his Maker
Is stamped upon his heart.

SUNSET.

FAREWELL bright sun, thy parting ray
Reminds me of my dying hour,
Will I as calmly sink to rest?
Will I depart with sky as clear?

Oh! will as bright, as pure a light,
As that which gilds the western sky,
Light up my heart in life's last hour?
When death's dark shadow hovers nigh?

While twilight shades steal o'er the earth,
How lovely nature looks to me,
Oh! sacred hour, the time for peace,
When man from earthly care seems free.

Time ever to my heart most dear,
When holy thoughts inspire the breast,
When we can banish every care,
And contemplate a holier rest.

Thou'rt gone bright sun, thy last faint rays
Are lost amid the shades of night,
To-morrow thou wilt come again,
And scatter darkness with thy light.

When death's dark hour has passed away,
Shall I not rise and soar
Unshackled, free, beyond this world
To heaven's eternal shore?

MORN AND EVE.

LOVE the first bright rays
Of morn that wakes the night,
I love the birds' first songs
That welcome in the light.

I love to see the buds
Expanding into flowers,
Imparting fragrance sweet
Unto the morning hours.

I love to see the flowers
All glittering with the dew,
As if the night had clothed
Them all in garments new.

I love to see the lark
Soaring towards the sky,
Just as the morning dawns,
To chant his song on high.

I love the melody
That filleth all the air,
While flowers like censers fling
Their incense everywhere.

The bleating of the sheep,
The lowing of the kine,
To some ears harshly sound,
But welcome comes to mine.

I love the hush of eve,
That comes before the night,
When heaven and earth seem one,
So holy is the light.

'Tis like the silent hour
Before the night of death,
When slower grows the pulse
And shorter grows the breath.

I love to see the shades
Of night around earth play,
When Hesperus looks down
Upon the closing day.

Like some bright angel face,
Or like an eye of love,
When earth is dark it calls
Our thoughts to light above.

I love to see the moon
And all the stars appear,
For then I feel that God
And heaven are very near.

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

THE SACRIFICE.

WHEN God called Abraham, and said—
"Take now thy son—thine only son;
A sacrifice I will have made
Of him who was the promised one."

Did he say, "Lord, I cannot go;
It cannot be the voice of God:
Some evil spirit tells me so;
I can't commit so dark a deed?

"Lord, I am ready, and will do
Whatever thy command may be:—
To offer up my son I go,—
My Isaac, whom thou gav'st to me."

Thus Abraham spake, nor doubted Him
In whom he long had trusted—loved;
Nor yet a mystery did it seem,
He did not fear, he was not moved.

His Father's voice he could not fear,
But willingly obeyed his call;
Though Isaac to his heart was dear,
He said—"I offer up my all.

"I know whatever Thou hast said
Can never fail concerning me;
And Thou hast promised that my seed
As numerous as the sand should be."

He goes, relying on his God,
To mount Moriah's lonely height;
His lovely Isaac bears the wood,
His young heart glowing with delight.

The father gazes on his child
With love that none but he could feel;
And countenance so calm and mild,
That did not all his thoughts reveal.

As nearer he approached the spot,
With eye and heart upon his son;
He did not shrink, though hard his lot,
He said—" 'Tis right, God's will be done."

The altar now they both prepare,
'Tis finished, and the wood is laid;
" But where's the lamb?—say, father, where's
The sacrifice that's to be made?"

"God will prepare a lamb, my child,
On Him for all things I depend;
His promise never yet has failed,
And never will unto the end.

"Thou art the lamb, my Isaac,—thou,—
Thy Father calls for thy return;
And to His will I humbly bow,
And offer up my only son."

He bound his son for sacrifice,
And raised his arm to slay him there;
When lo! a voice called from the skies—
"Abraham! thy hand withhold, thy Isaac spare."

Caught in a thicket was a lamb,
Which Abraham on the altar laid;
God's blessing on the mountain came,
While they to Him their offering paid.

I'LL DREAM OF BY-GONE DAYS.

I'LL sit me down beneath this tree,
And dream of days gone by;
Of sunny days, when not one cloud
O'ershadowed all my sky.

I'll dream of one who sat beside
Me 'neath the hawthorn tree;
It was all hung with blossoms then,
The birds sang merrily.

'Twas in the pleasant month of May,
When flowers like censers swing
On bush and tree, and to the winds
Their sweetest fragrance fling.

The grass was green beneath our feet,
The sky was bright above;
We were as happy as the birds,
Our hearts as full of love.

To us how bright the world then seemed,
How beautiful and fair;
The same hours brought to us delight
That brought to others care.

The spring time of my life passed by,
Its fairest blossoms died;
I did not grieve, for summer came
In all its joy and pride.

At first bewildered was my brain
By such a dazzling sight;
But thorns were mingled with the flowers,
And shadows with the light.

The path of pleasure soon I found
Was dangerous to tread;
For 'neath the fairest flowers I saw
The poisonous serpent's head.

My heart grew weary, for I missed
The innocence of spring;
I missed the friends whose loving words
Upon my ears still ring.

One by one, upon life's road,
I've seen them droop and die;
And oft I've wished that I with them
In the cold ground might lie.

The summer's gone, I hear its knell
Tolled by the passing hours;
And winds their low sad requiem sing
O'er dying leaves and flowers.

The frost is lying on the ground,
The frost is on my head;
And everything around me seems
Inanimate and dead.

Beyond I see the winter's blight,
Its cold and dreary snows;
And yet the warmth of early spring
Within my bosom glows.

THE ORPHAN CHILD TO HER SISTER.

SISTER, o'er our life has risen
Clouds of darkness, tempests high;
What a saddening change has come
Over our bright morning sky!

We have felt earth's sorrow deeply;
We have wept the bitter tear:
Cold and false the world has proved,
But its frown we will not fear.

When our hopes were brightest, fairest,
And no shadow dimmed our path;
When our hearts were gayest, lightest,
What a change was made by death!

Parents both were taken from us
In the spring time of our life;
Cherished hopes with them departed,
Earth could bring us no relief.

In that dark and gloomy hour
A shadow o'er our spirits came,
The light of joy now dimly burns,
For sorrow's blight has quenched the flame.

Misfortune's winds now loudly blow,
Keenly we feel their chilling blast;
The silent tear doth often flow
When memory recalls the past.

O, earth is beautiful and fair,
But sad to me it ever seems;
'Mid all its charm there's something gone,
I feel it is a land of dreams.

The past, the past, will ever come
To haunt my weary brain;
But O, sweet dreams of happiness
Will never come again.

Alas! we find no shelter now
But in the wreck of former days;
Sail, rudder, mast, and all are gone,
And far from happiness she strays.

But if the joys of earth are past,
The light of love burns in the heart;
The blight of sorrow's withering touch
Can never cause it to depart.

'Twill bind our hearts with stronger ties,
And cheer the darkest gloom;
'Tis that which death can never harm,
'Twill live beyond the tomb.

CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE.

NATURE I love thee, for I trace
My Father's image on thy face;
In trees and grass and flowers I see
The impress of the Deity.

I love thee, Nature, for thou art
God's messenger to my lone heart,
He speaks through thee; His voice I hear,
And ever feel His presence near.

In wondering silence oft I stand,
And gaze upon the sea and land,
One endless whisper greets my ear,
One endless song of praise and prayer.

Silent upon my heart it falls,
And oft that voice my spirit calls
To something higher, something more,
Than I have felt or known before.

It tells me there's a brighter land
Made by that same Almighty hand;
That land I often see in dreams,
More beautiful than earth it seems.

O Nature, full of God and truth,
As beautiful in age as youth;
Spring, summer, autumn, winter, tell
God liveth and doth all things well.

THE CHILD OF POVERTY.

I WAS like a prisoned bird,
And longing to be free,
Or like a lonely little flower
Upon a thorny tree.

There was no smile upon my face,
No joy within my heart,
No childish pleasures were for me,
In them I had no part.

How many turn to childhood's hours,
And call them bright and fair,
While memory shows me not one ray
Of light reflected there.

I would not live my childhood o'er,
So dreary, dark it seems,
It haunts me in my waking hours,
It haunts me in my dreams.

Joyless my spring of life passed by,
In clouds it rose and set;
O, would that I could childhood's hours,
And all its cares, forget.

My summer came, but brought no hope,
No joy, no light to me;
I felt like some lone mariner
Upon a shoreless sea.

Shadows like spectres dark and dim
Around me I could see,
And oft I thought the shades of life
Were only made for me.

Autumn has come, her sable garb
Could never sadder be
Than that which spring and summer strew
Around life's path for me.

The falling leaves, the withered flowers,
The wailing of the wind,
I love because in them I feel
Some sympathy of mind.

For as they o'er my heart chords sweep
In melancholy tone,
I think some kindred spirit comes
To mingle with my own.

Some spirit calling me away
From earth up to the sky,
I feel as if I soon shall go
To dwell with God on high.

O, earth is very dark to me,
Yet heaven looks very bright,
I now can look through death's dark veil,
And see its dawning light.

The winter winds will waft me to
That bright and happy shore,
Where autumn flowers will lie upon
The heart of youth no more.

I love the withered leaves and flowers
For now they suit me best,
Till winter throw her mantle o'er
My weary, care-worn breast.

Then through death's valley I shall pass
To that eternal spring,
Where God shall tune my heart with joy,
I shall with angels sing.

MUSIC OF THE RAIN-DROPS.

LISTEN to the hushing music
Of the rain-drops as they fall,
Tapping 'gainst the door and window,
Lingering on the garden wall.
Listen as you see them coming,
Listen to the song they're humming.

See! the leaves look fresher—greener,
Flowers grow brighter, buds expand,
As the pure, refreshing rain-drops
Fall upon the thirsty land.
By the million they are coming,
Listen to the song they're humming.

How they swell into a river,
As they mingle on the earth!
And in mass move on together
Full of gaiety and mirth.
Bright and beautiful they're coming,
Listen to the song they're humming.

O! how helpless each one seemeth,
Yet a host are brave and strong;
Sweeping every thing before them
As they wildly rush along.
Like a glittering band they're coming,
Listen to the song they're humming.

Kindred souls should blend together
  Like the rain-drops into one;
Selfishness will make us feeble,
  Useless, burdensome, and lone.
God, through nature, speaks to all,
Listen as the rain-drops fall.

On our hearts from clouds of sorrow
  Blessings like the rain-drops fall;
Every cloud is big with mercy,
  From the Father of us all.
Let not ignorance and blindness
Murmur at His loving kindness.

THE BROOK.

I LOVE to watch the little brook
When heaven's blue sky is mirror'd there,
And golden clouds and sunbeams float
As lightly as they float in air;
Where fishes frisk and dance and play,
And leap with joy through foam and spray.

Its song is sad and sweet and wild,
It mingles with the passing breeze,
It is the same undying song
That lives in rivers, oceans, seas.
Through that low song God speaks to me,
And to His voice I bend the knee.

The wild flowers cluster on its banks,
And gaily dance to every breeze,
They bloom and breathe their fragrance 'neath
The shadow of the forest-trees.
In darkest solitudes of earth
The brightest flowers oft have their birth.

I love to hear the bird's sweet song
Ring out upon the silent air;
It floateth on the breath of flowers
That riseth like pure incense there.
The sweetest songs are oftenest heard
From shadiest wood—from loneliest bird.

So love's sweet voice should oft be heard
Amid the darkest shades of gloom;
'Tis like a sunbeam to the soul,
And lighteth up the loneliest home.
And music from the heart would rise
From shades of sorrow to the skies.

THE BLIND BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

COME let me twine my arms around
That loving form of thine,
And lean my head upon the heart
That fondly beats to mine.

O, let thy soft and winning voice
Fall on my listening ear;
Its sweet, low accents can dispel
Each dark foreboding fear.

Mother, dear mother, let me feel
Upon my lips and cheek
Thy kiss of love, it bringeth me
More joy than words can speak.

I cannot see thee, yet I feel
  Thy love in my lone heart;
A mother's love, and only hers,
  Can such delight impart.

Dear mother, how I wish that I
  Might look upon the flowers:
You say their lives are very short—
  Not half so long as ours.

You say they're bright and beautiful,
  Which I can't understand,
For all is dark alike to me—
  The sky, the sea, and land.

I love the flowers, because to me
  Their fragrance they impart;
I love the birds, because they sing
  To me, and cheer my heart.

I feel the grass, the vines, and leaves,
I hear the running stream;
But they are very dark to me,
And very strange they seem.

Why was I sent into this world
With eyes that cannot see?
Dear mother, are there any more
Poor children blind like me?

O, could I only look but once
On you before I die,
It would rejoice my heart, for then
I'd know you in the sky.

You often talk to me of heaven,
Of angels bright and fair;
Dear mother, is it wrong to wish
That God would take us there?

I hope He will not take you first
And leave me here alone,
For darker still would be the world
To me, if you were gone.

THE HOMELESS WANDERER.

THE brilliant hues fade from the sky,
And shadows dark go flitting by,
The winds around me moan and sigh,
The day is gone.
I watch its last expiring light,
I see it vanish from my sight,
It leaves me wrapt in shades of night
Weary, alone.

No voice falls on my listening ear,
I feel no kindred spirit near,
The world is dark and lone and drear,
And I've no home.
The moon is rising, I can see
Her sad pale face look down on me,
As light falls on the leafless tree,
Or on the tomb.

The stars are glittering in the sky,
And seem to mock me as I sigh,
I gaze on them with tearful eye,
They smile on me.
The waters murmur as they flow
Through the dark forest sad and slow,
And from their depths comes soft and low
Sad minstrelsy.

But when from that deep forest they
Emerge, I see them dance and play;—
Their waves are sparkling, bright, and gay,
And full of love.
Upon her banks I now recline,
Where grass is waving fresh and green,
And heaven on her pure face is seen,—
My heart doth move.

God's providence I plainly see
In every leaf and flower and tree;
Then why should I distrustful be?
He loves me still.
And though my way seem dark and drear,
A voice still whispers in my ear:—
"Thy Heavenly Father's ever near,
And all is well!"

A SUMMER'S MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

THE morn unfolds new beauties fair,
Gives life and light to all the air,
It tops the hills with golden hues,
And gathers all night's scattered dews.

And as Sol sendeth forth his rays,
Old nature's lyre is tuned to praise,
The zephyrs stir the sleeping trees,
And music floateth on the breeze.

With joy and rapture we behold
Fair Flora her bright buds unfold,
While fragrant blossoms o'er the land
She scatters with a bounteous hand.

The grass lights up with glow of morn,
There's music in the rustling corn,
While birds through meadow, vale and grove,
Carol their sweetest songs of love.

The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
The bees are humming merrily,
And insects, though unseen, are heard
In concert with the bee and bird.

The bleating sheep, the lowing cows,
The crowing cock morn doth arouse,
While nature's lyre of many strings,
To every heart sweet pleasure brings.

And as the sun doth higher rise,
Gilding with glory all the skies,
Upon the silver-breasted streams
The light of love and beauty gleams.

The farm-boy, with a merry heart,
Sings as he loads his rustic cart,
The horse that neighs and paws the ground,
When ready, leaps off with a bound.

The milk-maid to the barn yard goes,
With pail in hand, to milk the cows,
Her smiling face, her lips and cheek,
Health and a happy heart bespeak.

She meets her lover on the way,
And both have many things to say,
He is a son of toil, but brave,
Noble,—but wealth he does not crave.

For honour, fame, or worldly show,
Both care as little as they know;
But time that will not, cannot wait,
Reminds them that 'tis growing late.

She, smiling, said—"You know this day
Was made for work as well as play;"
"'Tis very true, dear Jane," said he,
"I'll go and leave my heart with thee."

"And in return take mine," she said,
"But keep it sacred, dearest Ned;"
Oh, happy maiden, happy youth,
Heaven seal thy vows of love and truth.

When youth and all its joys depart,
May love survive to light the heart,
May hope, that now inspires each breast,
Point to a heaven, where all are blest.

THE RIVER.

LIDE along little river,
O'er the pebbles dance and play,
'Mong the hills and through the valleys
Sing your sweet song all the day.

Sing to me of memories faded,
Sing to me of joys to come,
Sing of all the lov'd and lost ones
That lie buried in the tomb.

Oh! how varied are life's changes,
But I see no change in thee,
Thou art beautiful as ever,
Flowing on as clear and free.

I've often played upon thy banks,
In childhood's happy hours,
There have I plucked spring's early buds,
And fragrant summer flowers.

I called them all by name, but knew
Not which I loved the best,
But they are gone, and others bloom
Where they were laid to rest.

So like to those I loved they seem,
In fragrance, colour, form,
Kindred no doubt of those who sleep
Beneath the winter's storm.

The birds look just the same to me
As they did years ago,
Not by their looks or names could I
Them from the old ones know.

I see the brown and yellow leaf
  Fall trembling from the trees,
One by one they're borne away
  By every passing breeze.

But every spring brings forth new buds,
  And new sweet flowers and leaves,
And no one for the old ones cares,
  Or for them ever grieves.

And such is life, we pass away,
  Another takes our place,
Each is a link in life's short chain,
  To bind the human race.

Each has a work to do, and each
  Leaves something on life's shore,
To live when they have passed away,
  To live for evermore.

Then glide on river, young and fair,
And beautiful for ever,
Life springs from death, like day from night,
Youth fades but dieth never.

Like thee, fair river, on we move,
Like thee we pass away,
And others see no change where we
Have spent our life's short day.

As in thy channel water flows,
So flows the tide of life,
Thy babbling, chattering, ripplings, are
But emblems of its strife.

Above it all one song is heard,
It falls upon the ear
Like some sweet spirit-voice, it is
For ever ringing there.

'Tis like the deep-toned music of
Man's soul, that never dies,
That 'mid the bustling cares of life
Sighs for its native skies.

THE DYING MOTHER.

I SAW a mother, young and fair,
Caress the darling of her heart,
And, as she breathed to heaven a prayer,
I saw the tears of anguish start.

I heard her say, "Oh God! be thou
The guardian of his youthful days,
To thee I consecrate him now,
Direct him that he never strays."

Then calmly looking on her boy,
She talked of God, she talked of heaven,
Her heart clung to her only child,
All other ties had long been riven.

She clasped him closer to her heart,
"Farewell, my child," she faintly said,
"The struggle now is almost past,
Forget me not when I am dead.

"My heart hath to thee fondly clung
Through many a dark and weary hour,
I've listened to thy faltering tongue,
But soon shall hear thy voice no more.

"I leave thee in the care of One,
Who's guarded me o'er life's dark sea,
He'll be a friend when I am gone,
To you as he has been to me.

"Ah! who will take a parent's place,
Who'll cherish thee as I have done,
I know thou wilt thy mother miss,
But God will care for thee, my son.

"Farewell, my child," she faintly said,
"Death's icy arms are round me thrown,
His iron grasp I feel, but God
Is with me, I am not alone.

"Farewell, once more, a last farewell,
One kiss before I with thee part,
Love with its last and lingering spell,
Still twineth round a mother's heart."

I HAVE LISTENED.

N the shades of nature ever
Voices soft and low I hear;
Strains of saddest, sweetest music,
Floating on the ambient air.

I have listened to the whispering
Of the foliage on the trees;
Love was all I heard them utter,
As they floated in the breeze.

I have listened to the flowers,
There I heard a whisper, too;
It was Love, I saw him nestling
In a little drop of dew.

I have listened to the warbling
And the carol of the bird;
Love in all its notes were blended,
Songs of love were all I heard.

I have listened to the humming
Of the little buzzing bee,
As it flitted 'mong the flowers,
Love was in its song of glee.

I have listened to the creeping
Of the little tender vine;
Lovingly I saw its tendrils
Round the noble oak entwine.

I have listened to the wild winds
As I heard them passing by;
On their wings I heard Love singing,
It was echoed from a sigh.

I have listened to the ocean,
As its dark waves rolled along;
I could hear Love's gentle whisper,
In the wildness of its song.

Then I listened to the beating
Of man's heart, and Love was there;
Battling with its evil passions,
Burdened with a load of care.

LADY AND BIRD.

LADY.

BIRDY, why do you fly away
When the autumn comes and the sky is gray,
When the streams and fountains cease to play;

When the grass is wither'd and trees are bare,
And the winds sweep by in wild despair,
Scattering the dead leaves everywhere?
You love the golden summer hours,
You love fair skies and pretty flowers,
But you've no song for the winter hours;
We listen in vain for your music where
The ground is frozen, the trees are bare.
Ah! birdy, we never find you there.

BIRDY.

O, chide me not; for the winter hours
Were never made for birds or flowers.
Fair lady, we come to grace your bowers
When opening buds proclaim the spring,
And flowers their perfume round you fling,
We come our songs of love to sing;
But, lady, when winter draweth near,
We find no home, no shelter here,
And everything looks strange and drear.

The sighing winds warn us to go
Ere winter's blast shall lay us low,
With leaves and flowers beneath the snow.

LADY.

O, birdy, your heart is ever free,
You surely have no sorrow like me,
You build your nest on the beautiful tree;
You drink from fountains bright and clear,
About your food you have no care,
You find it scattered everywhere;
When weary, 'mong the flowers you sleep,
While stars their vigils o'er you keep
Till daylight through night's curtain peep;
You catch the first bright dawn of day,
Then warble forth your sweetest lay,
While I in care wear life away.

BIRDY.

Yes, lady, our hearts are ever free,

We sing our sweetest minstrelsy
On thorny bush or flowery tree;
At morn, when daylight ope's her eyes,
Our songs of gratitude arise,
Like holy incense towards the skies:—
Learn from the vagrant birds of air
To trust a heavenly Father's care,
And you'll be happy everywhere.
O, lady, would our songs might roll
From east to west, from pole to pole,
Awaking love in every soul.

LADY.

Then, beautiful birdy, come sing to me
Of all the beautiful things you see
Far over the land—far over the sea.
O tell me if you've ever been
Where grass and leaves are always green?
Come, sing to me of all you've seen:

Tell me of that fair southern home,
Where the cold winter doth not come,
Where orange and magnolia bloom.
Tell me, sweet birdy of the air,
If all is as it seemeth there—
So beautiful and bright and fair?

BIRDY.

Ah! lady, the skies are very fair,
Balmy and fragrant is the air,
But death is lurking everywhere;
The sun, with his warm, silvery beams,
Lights up the rivers and the streams,
And nature full of beauty seems:
But listen, lady, life is made
Like mountain, valley, hill, and glade,
The flower and thorn, sunshine and shade;
Care, sorrow, pain, and death will come,
And cast their deepest shades of gloom
Around the fairest, brightest home.

THE WILD FLOWER.

I SAW a little flower,
'Twas blooming all alone,
Close by a shady stream,
On it the sun ne'er shone.

It look'd so pure and lovely,
So beautiful and fair;
I gazed upon it sadly,
And wondered why 'twas there.

I thought 'twas not a soil
Congenial for that flower,
For all around was growing
The gray moss, weeds, and briar.

"A little fairy creature,"
Said I, "Alone ye live,
And to the rude winds all
Your sweetest fragrance give.

"Ye are too fair to be
Neglected and forgot;
Are ye not very lonely
In this sequester'd spot?"

"O, no," replied the flower,
"I am not lonely here,
Each little bud that blossoms
Has God's protecting care.

"To me the angel's whisper
Comes on the gentle breeze,
I hear its low, sweet music
All round me 'mong the trees.

"The birds all day sing sweetly
On every shrub and tree;
The pretty bee hums to me
In wild and joyful glee.

"The little rill is singing
Its song by night and day,
I stand beside its waters
And listen to its lay.

"If I were in a garden
I'm sure I'd lonely be,
I'd miss the cooling stream,
And the shadow of the tree.

"My heavenly Father placed me here,
In this sequestered spot;
Learn from the humble flower to be
Contented with your lot."

THE RETURN.

WENT unto my early home,
And sought the friends to me once dear,
I found them not, why did I come?
Not even one of them was there.

For those I loved, and longed to see,
I'd travelled many a weary mile,
And found not one to welcome me,
Or greet me with a happy smile.

I listened for that sound of joy
Which I in former days had heard,
My mother did not meet her boy,
I felt my soul within me stirred.

I paused awhile with anxious eye,
I gazed around, no friend was there,
I felt my spirit in me die,
And cried, "Where are my friends, oh! where!"

The sun's last rays with lustre shone,
Gilding the scene with beauty bright,
But there was none—not even one—
To share with me the glorious sight.

I paused,—the brook it murmured on,
"Thy friends are gone," it seemed to say,
"Like yonder rays of setting sun
Are fading,—they have passed away."

A stranger met me at the door,
I told her I had come to see
My mother, and my friends, once more,
For they were very dear to me.

"Your mother, and your friends, and who
Are they? What is the name?"
And many things she wished to know,
Whom I could be?—from whence I came?

"Alas!" said she, "your friends are dead,
They longed to see their boy once more,
And just before they died they said—
'We'll meet in heaven, to part no more.'

"In yonder grave-yard, where the grass
Is waving now with heaven's soft breeze,
They sweetly sleep, their resting place
Is 'neath the weeping-willow trees."

WRITTEN AT SCHOOL.

PLEASANT are the hours,
Cheerfully we rise,
As the daylight dawneth
From the eastern skies.

When the lark arises
Our music has begun,
Thus we hail the morning,
Thus we greet the sun.

Nature joins the chorus,
Our hearts are light and gay,
Happy, happy hours!
Swift they pass away.

There's music in all nature,
The pretty bird and bee,
Oh! they sing so sweetly
On bush and flower and tree.

I love the wind's sweet song,
It is so wild and free;
I love the little brook
That chatters merrily.

When we are dull and weary,
'Tis music's gentle tone
Revives our drooping spirits,
And bids dull care begone.

Oh! earth is full of beauty,
'Tis full of song and praise,
The sunlight and the shadow
Around us ever plays.

COME WITH ME, LOVE, COME!

WHILE the morning is breaking,
Come with me, love, come!
Through the meadow and forest
Together we'll roam;
O, come ere the shadows
Of night are all fled,
While the little flowers sleep
In their green mossy bed,
Come with me, love, come!

We'll see them awake
When the sun shall arise,
All sparkling and bright
They will open their eyes;

The bee from the flower
Will carefully sip
All the honey he finds
On its sweet pretty lip.
Come with me, love, come!

The beautiful birds
Will sit on the tree,
And sing their first song
To you and to me;
The clear little brook
A mirror will be,
Where the birds and the flowers
Their faces can see.
Come with me, love, come!

While the fishes are sporting
In silvery light,
And the waters are moaning
Farewell to the night;

While the beautiful grass
Is dripping with dew,
And gracefully waving
And bowing to you.
Come with me, love, come!

All nature sings songs
To welcome the day,
As the shadows of night
Are passing away;
The moon hides her head
And the little stars flee
As the sun in its splendour
Shines out from the sea.
Come with me, love, come!

TO MY PARENTS.

MY father, my mother, O, where art thou gone!
Why left me to travel life's journey alone?
I sigh for thee oft,—alas! 'tis in vain;
Shall I ne'er in this world behold thee again?
In my happiest hours sad feelings will come,
I think of my parents, my childhood, my home;
Fancy painted the future so brightly to me,
I dream'd not I ever such changes would see.

I knew not thy presence made life seem so dear,
For while I was with thee I'd nothing to fear;
Shut out from the world I thought all as true,
As fond, as devoted, and faithful as you;
But life hath not proved all sunshine to me,
Its brightness departed, my parents, with thee:
I dream of thee oft, but the vision's soon flown,
For when waking I find I yet am alone.

Thine image enshrined in my heart will remain—
There cherished till death shall unite us again;
I'll visit the spot where thy ashes repose,
And weep o'er thy grave, and tell thee my woes:—
My mother, I think of thy calm, quiet look,
When ye taught me to pray, and read God's holy book,
When ye told me of death and a judgment to come,
Of a heaven for the righteous, a glorious home.

Ye told me earth's pleasure would soon pass away,
And to seek for those joys that would never decay,
Ye taught me to look for a home in the skies,
Where hope never withers, and love never dies;
In dark hours of sorrow I think on that rest,
It brings peace to my heart, a calm to my breast,
As stars cheer the lone pilgrim's way with their light,
It shines on my path like a beacon at night;
From that heavenly rest in fancy I see
My parents still lovingly watching o'er me;
When earth's visions fade, and the last tie is riven,
My father, my mother, may I meet thee in heaven.

TO * *

WILT thou not let me go, my love,
With thee across the sea?
For only anxious fears I know
When I am not with thee.

Upon the deck with thee I'll sit,
And see the sunbeams play,
Brightly upon the restless wave,
In wild fantastic glee.

We'll listen to old ocean's song,
I know thou lov'st it well,
How sad and thrilling are its notes
To thee I need not tell.

And while with thee I listen to
Its sweet and plaintive lay,
Like some lone star we'll see our land
In distance fade away.

And if a dark wild storm should come,
Think not that I would fear,
For He who guards us on the land
Will not forsake us there.

Upon the ocean or the land
'Tis all the same to me,
Too many dangers I have brav'd
To fear a stormy sea.

For many storms we both have met
Upon the road of life,
Then thinkest thou that I could fear
The boisterous ocean's strife?

No! let me go where I can see
The ocean and the sky
Blending in one,—and let me hear
The sea bird's loud shrill cry.

I long to see old ocean's foam
When high her billows rise;
I love the stormy winds and waves
As well as sunny skies.

Then let me go, my love, with thee,
Across the dark blue sea,
For only anxious fears I know
When I am not with thee.

SLEEP.

COME sleep, sweet sleep, and let me fall
Into thy arms once more,
Perchance my aching heart to peace
Thou may'st again restore.

The fairy hopes of youth bring back,
Bring back once more to me,
Let me in fancy roam awhile
To brighter scenes with thee.

Oh! let me dream of friends and home,
Of those I loved in youth,
Bring back to me those beauteous forms
Of innocence and truth.

We'll visit all the pleasant haunts,
Where in our earlier days
The voice of joy was heard, and where
We sang the song of praise.

Then come sweet sleep, and let me dream
Of those once dear to me,
That in my waking hours again
I never more shall see.

Oh! come, on thy soft balmy wings
Let me awhile repose,
I long to banish from my mind
Earth's sorrows and its woes.

Refreshed by thee at morning's dawn,
My heart will lighter be
If I can dream of pleasure,—though
'Tis not reality.

I love to dream, when in those dreams
Departed friends I see,
Confidingly we talk of all
That once was dear to me.

Come sleep, sweet sleep, and let me fall
Into thy arms once more,
Perchance my aching heart to peace
Thou may'st again restore.

THE HOPELESS HEART.

THE bitterness, the weariness
Of life I've known full well,
The loneliness, the dreariness
Of sorrow's withering spell.

Misfortune's school I early learn'd
My future lot must be,
Although its dark control I spurn'd
And tried myself to free.

Oh! Sorrow, why didst thou thus shade
The sunshine of my sky?
My gladsome heart why hast thou made
From joy to live and die?

The star that shone within my heart
Hath set beneath thy frown,
Earth hath for me no place of rest,
For every hope is gone.

Sweet peace, sweet hope, how gladly I
Would clasp thee in my fond embrace,
And I would with thee live and die,
But sorrow leaves for thee no place.

Oh! could'st thou smile on me once more,
And leave thy light reflected there,
And bid my weary spirit soar
Away from all my doubt and care.

But, no! Ah! no, it cannot be,
For sorrow's mantle wraps me round,
And life is one dark night to me,
Where not a ray of light is found.

Man has no pity,—my dark fate
I leave to God alone,
If it be He who orders it,
Amen. His will be done.

EVENING REFLECTIONS.

THE moon is slowly rising
Above yon distant hill,
The toil of day is over,
And all the world seems still.

The dew falls silently
Upon the grass and flower,
The sun has set and left
Its light on day's last hour.

A halo—holy, pure,
To crown the parting day;
A light that calls the heart
From earthly cares away.

Has thy way not appeared
  Often as dark to you?
Have you not evil feared
  When dark clouds came in view?

Yet they have passed away,
  Like early dew of morn;
Then why despair to-day?
  You have no cause to mourn.

Has God not been your Guide
  In many dangers past?
O, in His arm confide,
  And there securely rest.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

THY voice, O God, I hear among
The shadows of the trees;
I hear it in each passing sigh,
And murmur of the breeze.

The smiling faces of the flowers
Speak of a Father's care,
As they breathe forth their sweet perfume
Upon the silent air.

The little homeless, wandering birds
Find shelter everywhere:
I've learn'd to trust in Thee by those
Sweet minstrels of the air.

In the wild music of the sea
  Thy voice is ever heard;
With holy inspiration Thou
  Its restless soul hath stirred.

The voiceless stars breathe forth Thy name
  In beams of heavenly light;
Through them Thou lookest down on me
  When day fades into night.

Thou lookest through the moon's pale face
  So lovingly on me,
That I look up with confidence—
  Through her and worship Thee.

The glorious sun speaks forth Thy praise
  In majesty divine;
His rays light up all nature's face,
  And cheers this heart of mine.

'Tis Thy bright smile beams through the sun,
So warmly and so bright;
Without Thy presence all would be
To us as dark as night.

BEWILDERING THOUGHTS.

BEWILDERING thought, in thy dark train
Thou bring'st no ray of hope to me;
Thou leav'st a shadow on my brain,
A veil through which I cannot see.

My thoughts have roamed beyond my will,
From calm reflection's sober path;
Where shone so beautiful and bright
The beacon light of love and truth.

Entangled oft my spirit feels,
In thy dark maze of doubt and gloom;
No light upon it from thee shines,
To cheer my pathway to the tomb.

Let not the spirit strive to soar
Beyond the bound where reason lies;
For there the mind becomes confused,
There peace within the bosom dies.

Leave me—distract my brain no more,
Let calm reflection take thy place,
And let sweet peace again return,
And clasp me in her fond embrace.

THE MUSIC OF THE WIND.

THERE'S music in the pine trees,
For the minstrel of the air
Has come to play his saddest—
His wildest music there.

More thrilling than the bird's song
It vibrates on the ear,
Methinks some voice unearthly
In it I often hear.

In lowest, sweetest cadence,
The music dies away;
Then groweth louder—stronger—
And wilder seems to play.

No joyous notes are mingled
With these Æolian strains,
'Tis Nature's sweetest melody,
Sent from the heavenly plains.

It is the music of the heart,
The music of the sky,
And spirit voices ever seem
Upon the winds to fly.

This minstrel spirit wandereth
All over earth and sea,
And everywhere he playeth
This strange wild melody.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

HOW dark and lone and cold earth seems
When robb'd of all its spirit dreams!
For naught but darkness can we see,
If there be no Eternity.

Could nature's power e'er impart
That pleasing influence to the heart,
If God's pure Spirit did not dwell
In mountain, valley, hill, and dell.

If every leaf and shrub and flower
Felt not the influence of His power,
They'd have no life—no fragrant breath—
But stand like icy forms of death.

Take but away the Spirit's power,
You take the fragrance from the flower,
You take the light from man's dark heart,
And bid all hope and life depart.

Warmth from the heart could never come,
If there the Spirit found no home;
How cold and stony would it seem
Without sweet love—the Spirit's dream!

Take but the Spirit's power away,
And life is night without a day:
All desolate and dark and drear,
If no kind Spirit's voice is near.

Death's valley now seems very lone,
What would it be if hope were gone,
If the bright Spirit did not cheer
Us with the thought that heaven is near?

A DREAM.

EATH a willow by the stream,
Oft I seat myself to dream;
In my dreams fair forms I see,
Bright with hope and full of glee.
Though I fain would have them stay,
One by one they pass away;
O! how lonely is my heart,
As I see them all depart.

As the river glideth by,
I can hear it moan and sigh:
And it ever seems to say—
You like me must pass away.

Everything around me seems
Like my own unquiet dreams;
O! how lonely is my heart
As I see the stream depart.

On its bank fair flowers I see,
All are dancing merrily,
Though the minstrel of the air
Plays his saddest music there.
But they droop—I see them die—
Scatter'd o'er my path they lie;
O! how lonely is my heart
As I see them all depart.

Birds sing gaily o'er my head,
Sing above the sleeping dead;
Through the forest and the glade—
Through the sunlight and the shade.

Full of joy they ever seem
Like my own youth's happy dream;
O! how lonely is my heart,
As I see them all depart.

Then I turn my eyes above
To that land of light and love;
There the same fair forms I see
Clothed with immortality.
How my spirit upward flies
As they call me to the skies!
O! what joy will fill my heart
When we meet no more to part.

SPRING HAS COME.

LISTEN to the happy songs
Birds are gaily singing,
"Spring is come! Spring is come!"
Through the air is ringing.

Little buds are peeping out
From their hiding places,
Listen to their voices sweet,
See their pretty faces.

By the sun's warm genial rays,
How they are expanding:—
Look how beautiful they rise,
See how graceful standing.

Sweetest fragrance they are flinging
On the soft Spring air,
While the busy bees are humming,
Spring is here! Spring is there!

Lovingly the vine is clinging
For protection to the tree,
See its little tendrils twining
Round it so confidingly.

Listen to the babbling brook
As it flows along,
To the Spring it singeth
Nature's simple song.

Spring doth scatter blossoms
Round us, 'neath our feet,
And the winds play to us
Music low and sweet.

Spring is here! Spring is here!
It will not always stay,
Let us all be happy, and
Enjoy it while we may!

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

POOR child! in youth thy brightest hopes
Have met a withering touch,
From disappointment thou hast learn'd
Perhaps of earth too much.

Thy sun rose bright, thy morn was clear,
But soon a dark cloud came,
Casting its shadow o'er thy heart,
And thy young spirit's dream.

But still hope on, thou need'st not fear,
For 'mid the deepest gloom
Heaven's light will shine upon thy path,
Wherever thou may'st roam.

That light will be to thee a guide,
A beacon on life's sea,
'Twill lead thee safely—venture on,
God watcheth over thee.

Though often in the cup of joy
We find the tears of woe,
And life hath many weary hours,
It hath its bright ones, too.

The young heart only dreams of bliss,
Before it knows of care,
And under disappointment, it
Oft yieldeth to despair.

The sun may hide its light awhile,
And clouds obscure thy way,
But still look up—remember this,
There'll be a brighter day.

HOME, OR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

OH! there are homes dear to the heart,
Where love and friendship sweetly bloom,
Dispelling with their holy light
Each dark and fearful shade of gloom.

I've seen the family circle meet
To talk o'er all their hopes and fears,
I've seen the saddest heart made light,
And smiles of joy beam through their tears.

The dear old homestead, there it stands,
Near to my heart and lov'd as ever,
Although in foreign lands I roam,
Can I forget my home? No, never!

Around the fireside oft we've met,
Neighbours and friends to talk together;
Through wet and dry, through snow and hail,
What cared we for the winter weather?

The watch-dog when he heard them,—ran
To meet them with a welcome bark,
And though he could not speak their names,
He knew each neighbour in the dark.

When hats and coats were laid aside,
And all were seated round the room,
And puss was lying quietly
Before the fire to purr and dream.

Free, unrestrained our converse was,
Instructive both to young and old,
Amusing stories oft were read,
And lively anecdotes were told.

And songs of love and praise we sang,
That fill'd the heart with pure delight,
Even now they linger on my ear,
And leave a star in memory bright.

Give me a home where all is peace,
Where discord, strife, are never known;
Where these abide we seek for joy
In vain—it hath for ever flown.

Oh, home! where can we find a *home*
If no congenial souls are there?
I'd rather roam in foreign lands,
And of a stranger's bounty share.

Give me a home where holy thoughts
And virtuous deeds the hours beguile,
Where wisdom dwells within the walls,
And lights the place up with her smile.

For friends and home are links that bind
Our hearts to earth and cheer life's way:
We never know true happiness
Apart from these—go where we may.

SONG OF THE SEA.

I STOOD on the shore,
And from the dark sea,
The saddest of music
Came floating to me;

This beautiful song,
So wild and so free,
The waves ever sing,
'Tis the song of the sea!

It came from the depth
Of the ocean's deep cave,
Where thousands lie buried
Beneath the dark wave;
Like a dirge o'er the dead
It seemeth to me,
Yet sweet is the song,
The song of the sea!

The sea-shell ever
The same song sings,
To its native home
It still fondly clings;

In city or desert
  Its music will be,
This beautiful song,
  The song of the sea!

May pure inspiration
  From heaven dwell in me,
As the song ever dwells
  In the shell of the sea;
There's a spirit divine
  That speaketh to me,
A sweet voice of love
  In the song of the sea!

THE MINSTREL OF THE AIR.

SOME may think thee very sad,
Some may think thee dreary,
But of thy sweet song, O, wind,
I am never weary.
Minstrel of the air thou art,
Minstrel of the lonely heart.

How the forest trees are bending
To thy music sad and wild!
While the little flower is dancing
Like a gay and happy child.
Minstrel of the air thou art,
Minstrel of the lonely heart.

And the clear and brilliant waters
Ripple as ye pass along,
For your saddest strains of music
Join with their undying song.
Minstrel of the air thou art,
Minstrel of the lonely heart.

At the silent hour of midnight
When the world in slumber lies,
Then more thrilling thy sweet cadence
On my ear and spirit dies.
Minstrel of the air thou art,
Minstrel of the lonely heart.

THE HOUR FOR PRAYER.

THE sun's last rays are fading
From clouds that float above,
And angels are descending
Upon the wings of love;
I hear their gentle voices
Around me everywhere,
It is the hour of vesper,
It is the hour for prayer.

It is the hour of twilight,
It is the hour of peace,
When man should rest from labour,
When all his cares should cease;
The birds have hushed their music,
The bee hath ceased to hum,
The vesper star is shining,
The hour for prayer hath come.

The dew is gently falling
  Upon the grass and flower,
How holy and how sacred
  Is this delightful hour!
The flowers are breathing fragrance
  Upon the soft, still air,
Night throws her shadow round us,
  It is the hour for prayer.

Come, let us hold communion
  With spirits from above,
Their soul-inspiring music
  Will fill our hearts with love;
I hear their gentle whisper
  Upon the ambient air,
It is the holy vesper,
  It is the hour for prayer.

MY HEART IS SAD AND LONELY.

MY heart is sad and lonely,
Though the trees are in their bloom,
And the birds are gaily singing
Around my cottage home:
The vine is fondly clinging
To the lattice round the door,
But those who sat beneath it
Are sitting there no more.
And my heart is sad and lonely,
For the light of life has flown.

I call: no answer cometh,
But the winds around me moan;
Voices of those who loved me
Are mingled in its tone:

In the garden, flowers are blooming
For the stranger's eye alone,
They were planted by my mother,
But she's gone, for ever gone!
And my heart is sad and lonely,
For the light of hope is gone.

No voice of love now greets me,
No smiling face is near,
My mother's place is vacant,
And my father is not here:
In the garden, flowers are blooming
For the stranger's eye alone,
They were planted by my mother,
But she's gone, for ever gone!
And my heart is sad and lonely,
For the light of life has flown.

WHAT IS TIME?

WHAT is time? ah, who can tell
How silent he pursues his way?
Yet all his withering influence feel,
All must his laws obey.

Look yonder! see that smiling boy,
His light and sunny brow,
Hear his wild laugh, 'tis full of joy,
Is he not happy now.

But look again, when years have flown,
That manly form now see,
Is that the loved, the cherished one
So altered, can it be?

Why has he changed that happy look
For one of grief and care?
His sunken eye, his brow bespeak
Old Time's been working there.

Now look upon that aged man,
His tottering step, his furrowed cheek,
Ask if he felt when life began
Thus feeble, faint and weak.

He'll tell you—"No, I once was young,
As thoughtless, gay as you;
I was as active and as strong,
As independent, too.

"But time doth everything destroy,
Youth, manhood, both depart,
In me you see that smiling boy,
Mysterious change!—you start!

"So gradual the change has been,
Yet deep I've felt it, too;
It came, I know not how or when,
And so 'twill be with you."

AH! WHAT IS LIFE TO ME?

AH! what is life to me,
Since thou art gone?
My fond heart clings to thee,
We were as one.

Thou wert my guiding star
In sorrow's hour;
How strange all things appear,
Thou art no more.

Thy sweet low voice to me
Was ever dear;
I lov'd to look on thee
When thou wert near.

For thou wert ever true,
My only friend;
The same in weal or woe,
Unto the end.

I've sought for one like thee,
Guileless and pure;
There may be some—but still to me
Not half so dear.

Thine image haunts me ever,
Thou'rt with me yet;
Thy love to me, O never
Can I forget.

Then let me love thee still,
Pure as thou art;
Oh! let me ever feel
We cannot part.

Be with me till death come,
To set me free;
And then in heaven's bright home
I'll dwell with thee.

FAREWELL TO SPRING.

THE Spring is departing,
The Summer is nigh,
And I fancy the winds
Are singing good bye.

The birds still sing on
As happy and gay,
As if they knew not
Spring was passing away.

All nature rejoices,
No change can I see,
The sun shines as bright,
As merry the bee.

Farewell pleasant Spring,
Unregretted ye go,
The beautiful flowers
Will still bud and blow.

But when the bright Summer
In Autumn shall fade,
And the leaves and the flowers
On the cold ground be laid.

Then the brightness of Spring,
Like a star will appear,
In memory 'twill linger,
Our Winter to cheer.

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

MY mother, how I miss thy love,
Thy warm and fond embrace,
Thy soft, sweet breath, and loving kiss
Upon my tear-wet face.
Dear mother, whisper in my ear,
Thy voice will cheer my heart,
And though I cannot see thy face,
I'll know I'm where thou art.

Is it death's shadow only hides
  Thy loving form from me?
Whisper, dear mother, and reveal
  To me the mystery.
If thy sweet spirit hovers near,
  Some sign, some token give,
Or pray that God will take me, too,
  With Him in heaven to live.

Mother, I often kneel and weep
  Beside my little bed,
And pray that God will be to me
  A Father since you're dead.
You told me He would be my Friend,
  That He would hear my prayer;
Why don't He let you come to me,
  Or take me where you are?

O, how I wish that I might die,
And come to live with thee!
But though death takes the old and young
He never comes for me.
I am an orphan child, perhaps
That is the reason why;
For like the world he coldly looks
On me, then passes by.

THE GRAVE OF MY LOVED ONE.

BREATHE softly, ye winds,
Breathe gently and low,
O'er the grave of my lov'd one
Go silently, go.

Awake not his slumbers,
Disturb not his rest,
For sweetly he sleepeth,
Unheeding the past.

He knows not the anguish
My spirit now feels,
He knows not the sadness
That over me steals.

Let him sleep, for I know
He needeth repose,
Let him rest for he's weary
Of earth and its woes.

I, too, shall rest sweetly
Ere long by his side,
Then why should I grieve
That so soon he has died.

Then sleep love, sleep sweetly,
I soon shall be there,
I fear not death's shadow,
It endeth life's care.

INSPIRATION OF NATURE.

THERE are sad mysterious wailings
In the winds that come and go,
Mournful, strange and dirge-like music,
Minding me of long ago.

And the ever restless ocean
Seems to tell of something past,
As the deep-toned music swelleth
In its billowy-heaving breast.

And that hymn is ever ringing,
  Day and night, upon the air,
Every wave a sad dirge singing
  O'er the dead who are sleeping there.

On the shore I stand and listen
  To its wildly thrilling tone,
Till I fancy there is something
  In its spirit like my own.

For I feel my heart chords vibrate
  With emotions wild and strong,
Inspiration, pure and holy,
  Dwelleth in that endless song.

'Tis the Spirit of the Maker
  That gives life and breath to all,
And it doth man's fallen nature
  To a higher Being call.

I WILL SING TO THEE, LOVE.

WILL sing to thee, love,
When thy heart is oppressed
With sorrow and care,
I will sing thee to rest.

I will sing to thee, love,
Of a land far away,
Where fairest flowers bloom
And never decay.

I will walk with thee, love,
When the twilight ray
Sheds a hallowed light
O'er the closing day.

We'll ramble together
Through valley and wood,
Where the wild flowers bloom
In sweet solitude.

We'll listen to Nature,
Her beauties admire,
Her silent devotion
Our souls will inspire.

THE DYING YEAR.

WAIT, wait Old Year, that I may think
Of all I've done and said;
May I have nothing to regret
When you lie cold and dead.

Each closing year repentance brings,
And sorrow to my heart;
I hoped with you, Old Year, to live,
That we like friends might part.

When last year died, and all the world
To me seemed very sad,
You came with hope upon your wing
And made my spirit glad.

You promised much, and I believed,
With joy you filled my heart,
Those promises are unfulfilled,
And you must soon depart.

We have been fellow travellers
Upon the road of life,
While I have little pleasure seen,
But much of toil and strife.

You've brought me many a pleasant friend,
  You've brought me many a foe,
You brought me pleasure when you came,
  Leave sorrow when you go.

I promised to do many things
  That I have left undone,
And find when you are old and grey
  My work is just begun.

You'll take into eternity
  A record of the past,
I know for time I've spent with you
  I must account at last.

Repentance comes too late for me,
  I see your pulse is low,
Farewell, Old Year! the bell tolls out
  The hour,—and you must go.

OH! LET ME WEEP.

OH! let me weep, for my heart will break
Unless it find relief;
Such words of kindness do not speak,
They aggravate my grief.

Too false the world has proved to me,
I cannot trust it, no;
My spirit sighs but to be free,
From earth I long to go.

Then chide me not, nor think me cold
That I should turn away,
Or that I now from thee withhold
What I would wish to say.

Yet dare not trust not even thee;
Too late, too late ye come,
For in my heart your sympathy
Can never find a home.

Once I did all my thoughts reveal,
Yes, I was happy too,
But I have learned that few can feel,
Few care for others' woe.

Then let me weep, for my heart will break
Unless it find relief;
Such words of kindness do not speak,
They aggravate my grief.

THERE IS BEAUTY AROUND US.

THERE is beauty around us,
Above and below,
I see it, I feel it
Wherever I go;
The voice of the winds,
And the voice of the sea,
For ever are singing
Sweet music to me.

My companions I find
In birds and in flowers,
'Mid their songs and their fragrance
I pass pleasant hours;

The morning awakes,
And light shineth forth
From the east to the west,
To the south and the north.

Bright, brighter it shines,
Till mid-day more clear,
Then slowly it fades,
Till the night draweth near;
The soft twilight shadows,
In beauty and love,
Crown the earth with a halo
Of peace from above.

The birds are all hushed,
And the flowers are asleep,
As the dark shades of night
Softly over them creep;

The dew falleth gently,
  Opening buds into flowers,
Oh! calm and refreshing
  Are night's dewy hours.

As night-shadows fall
  From the beautiful sky,
The bright stars look down
  On me from on high;
The moon's pale light
  Gently, softly doth fall,
Casting splendour and glory
  And love over all.

The lights and the shadows
  So sweetly do play,
That the night is as lovely
  To me as the day;

There is beauty around us,
Above and below,
I see it, I feel it
Wherever I go.

THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

DOWN life's hill we swiftly travel,
Where the roses are but few,
Where the thorns and briers thicken,
Where we meet with faces new.

Where the friends of youth but seldom
Greet us on the weary way,
Most of them are feeble—care-worn,
Looking older—growing grey.

We can scarcely recognize them,
As the merry friends of yore,
For they neither look nor act,—as
We have seen them heretofore.

Telling of their cares and sorrow,
Evil where they looked for good,
Loss of friends, of health and fortune,
Murmuring at life's weary load.

Looking back to youth's bright morning,
With sad longings and regret,
To that light of hope and promise
Which they never can forget.

Glorious morn! when not a shadow
Dim'd the light that made us glad,
When the earth was full of beauty,
Ere the autumn made it sad.

But as farther on we travel,
  Dimmer, fainter grows its light,
And the shadows round us gather,
  'Minding us of coming night.

Peaceful night, when it appeareth,
  And all earthly things shall fade,
We shall see the light of heaven
  Beaming on us through the shade.

A CONTROLLING POWER.

ONE day our hearts are filled with hope,
  All bright with joy and gladness,
The next a shadow passeth by
  And filleth us with sadness.

Our spirits ever rise and sink,
As lights and shadows fall,
There is an unseen Power that works
Upon the minds of all.

That Power we never can control,
'Tis all in vain to try,
For tightly it will hold the reins,
And all our arts defy.

Could we control our own dark fate,
How wretched should we be?
Like mariners without a chart
Upon a stormy sea.

We are but pilgrims in this world,
Bound for eternity,
And God controls what seems to us
So great a mystery.

We're safe if we but trust in Him,
Though rough and dark the way,
His presence makes the storm a calm,
And turneth night to day.

THE PREFERENCE.

THOUGH others meet me with a smile,
And oft my hand more warmly press,
Yet still a look of thine I feel
More deeply than their fond caress.

It longer in my memory lives,
And gives my spirit fresher life,
And from thy lips my soul receives
A healing balm for all its grief.

Among my friends I often meet
With hearts that seem as warm as thine,
As true to me, as kind, but yet
My soul to thine doth closer twine.

To me thy virtues ever seem
Pure as the stars that beam from heav'n,
With thee my life is one sweet dream,
Can such a tie as this be riv'n?

Ah! no, it will not—cannot die,
It only seeks a happier home
On the bright shores of heav'n, where death,
Decay nor sorrow ever come.

ALONE.

WHY, in the hour of mirth and glee,
Does sorrow o'er my spirit come?
Alas! there is no joy for me,
I know this world is not my home.

My heart too often keenly feels
I've no congenial spirit here,
I weep as o'er me silent steals
The thought of friends to me once dear.

Where are they now? why thus alone,
While in a busy throng I live?
Among them all is there not one
Who can my troubled heart relieve?

Those who have ties to bind them here,
May think it hard in youth to die,
But I have none, I've nought to fear,
I'd leave the world without a sigh.

O that God would grant me grace,
And let me know my sins forgiven,
If to my heart He'll whisper peace,
And take me to my home in heaven:—

How willingly, how calmly I'll
Resign myself to His kind care,
At cruel death I'll only smile,
For heaven's beyond and friends are there.

THE CHIMING OF THE BELLS.

CHIME, chime, Sabbath bells,
Let your music fall
In welcome accents
On the ears of all.
Call the rich and poor,
Call the young and old,
Call the wandering sheep
To the Shepherd's fold.

CHORUS.

Chime, Sabbath bells,
Till your music swells
All through the village.
Chime, chime, chime.

Tell them that the Saviour
Waits to meet them there;
Call them, call them, call them,
To the house of prayer.
Gently on each spirit
Let your voices fall,
Tell them that the Sabbath
Bringeth rest for all.

Chime, chime, &c.

Tell them of another
Glorious Sabbath day,
Where the angels ever
Chant a happier lay.
Sacred, holy Sabbath,
Peaceful, blessed day,
When in sweet communion
All can meet to pray.

Chime, chime, &c.

SPRING.

SPRING comes, and with her genial beams,
Unlocks the icy fettered streams;
Then lays her grassy carpet o'er
Earth's cold and damp uncovered floor.

From foreign lands the birds she calls,
To sing in Nature's airy halls;
And flowers that long have slept in death,
She wakes to life with her soft breath.

In hosts they rise, and to the Spring
An offering of sweet incense bring;
Around the poor man's cot they bloom,
As sweetly as the rich man's home.

Winter, with his cold, chilly hand,
Made bare and desolate the land;
And Nature's fairest, brightest charms,
He folded in his icy arms.

A snowy mantle on her breast
He cast, that she awhile might rest;
She slept until his reign was past,
In silence on his frozen breast.

How pure, how fresh and bright she seems,
Emerging from her wintry dreams;
Youth, beauty, hope, are on her wing,
With joy we hail the fair young Spring.

DEATH.

O DEATH is gloomy—dark to me,
I sometimes fear and start,
As echoes from another world
Come sounding on my heart.

In joyous hours the thoughts of death
Come o'er me like a cloud,
And fancy pictures to my view
The coffin and the shroud.

I strive to dissipate the gloom,
And look beyond the grave;
I grow more fearless as I see
An arm outstretched to save.

I hear my heavenly Father say—
"Fear not, but trust in Me;
Death only ope's the gate to set
Thy weary spirit free."

I know that death hath not the power
To harm me, yet I dread
That fearful gloom that sometimes hangs
Around the dying bed.

I often look beyond this world,
And long to soar on high;
Yet for this reason cling to life:—
Because I fear to die.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

HOW dearly, how fondly, I cherish the past,
Bright hours of my childhood, not long did they last;
The old farm house rang with my wild merry glee,
And I was as happy as mortal could be.

With moss-covered roof the house is now standing,
And a tall weeping-willow is over it bending;
The flowers of the garden in beauty still bloom,
And the sweetbrier breathes forth its richest perfume.

The large old gate, where I often have swung,
While my hat on the grass I carelessly flung;
When a tap on the window, and a voice cried "My boy,
Get down, or the gate you will surely destroy."

The same old barn, oh! there it stands yet,
The hay-mow and hens' nests I'll never forget;
Where my schoolmates went with me so often to play,
We've had many a romp on father's new hay.

In the meadow and orchard no change can I see,
There the brook runs as bright, as clear, and as free;
The wood looks as green, as sweet the woodbine,
The moss and the ivy together there twine.

There's the same old bucket, the same old well,
The same old church, and the same old bell,
That bring back sweet thoughts of the Sabbath to me,
And the friends of my youth, oh! where can they be?

SHE'S GONE.

GONE, yes, she's gone for ever,
How I miss her everywhere:—
At the fireside, by the table,
There stands her vacant chair;
More vacant is my heart,
More lone and desolate:
Death came—why did he not
A little longer wait?
The children are unhappy,
Grow fretful every day,
And every thing around me
Seems changed since she's away.
I look around the room
To see her form and face,
And fancy that a spirit
Has come to take her place;

A fear comes o'er me when
The evening draweth near,
I never felt like this before,
I wish that she were here.
I did not know her worth
Till after she had gone,
Till I was left with all
The care that she had borne.
O! may we learn to prize
The blessings of each day,
Appreciate their worth
Before they pass away.
And may we more than all
Prize nearest, dearest friends,
And strive to make them happy,
For life with all soon ends.

THE JOYLESS HEART.

FRESH flowers are blooming 'neath my feet,
Bright skies smile o'er my head,
But on my heart, like autumn leaves,
The hopes of youth lie dead.

The soft-winged zephyrs bring to me
Sad music of the past,
And memories of former days
Float round me thick and fast.

The friends of youth around me stand,
Young, beautiful, and fair;
But soon to shadowy forms they turn,
Then vanish into air.

Then pale cold forms, all stiff in death,
I see around me lie:
I speak—but from their voiceless lips
There cometh no reply.

And though bright skies above me shine,
And flowers around me bloom,
A shadow rests upon them all—
The shadow of the tomb.

TO MY MOTHER.

WHY did'st thou not, mother, with me longer stay?
Why hasten from earth so quickly away?
Had'st thou had of its sorrow enough for thy share?
Had'st thou leave with thy child thy mantle of care?

Come whisper to me, let thy spirit descend,
Let me know thou art with me, my mother, my friend;
Let me feel thou art ever that angel of love,
Who has guided my thoughts to our Father above.

Thy sweet words of counsel still live in my heart,
My mother, we never, oh! never can part,
God gave me my mother, He gave me to thee,
United in spirit we ever must be.

We cannot be parted, my mother oh, no!
I feel thou art with me wherever I go;
Methinks thou art watching me now from the sky,
Be with me through life, be near when I die.

On a far distant shore thy pale face I see,
Now anxiously looking and waiting for me,
Watch o'er me through life, till my spirit is free,
Till on heaven's bright shore I am happy with thee.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

[Written on board the Steam Ship "Baltic," on her voyage from New York to Liverpool.]

WHILE sitting on the deck I look
Across the dark blue sea,
My thoughts, my spirit wanders back,
My friends, my home, to thee.

I gaze as far as eye can reach,
Where sky and ocean blend,
My vision's bounded by the view,
But fancy soars beyond.

It leaves the ship and sea behind,
And back it comes to thee,
In fancy I am on the land,
More than upon the sea.

And though the echo of that word
"Farewell" still follows me,
It cannot stay my wandering thoughts
Or keep them back from thee.

I saw old Ireland's coast this morn,
Oh! what a cheerful sight,
Although it was a foreign land
I hailed it with delight.

But still, wherever I may roam,
A stranger I shall be,
A foreigner upon a shore
That has no home for me.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

THERE is a voice that speaks to me
From valley, hill, and dell,
And in that voice there is a charm,
An echo and a spell.

I often listen to its sound,
Till earth is lost to me,
And fancy that another world
Of beauty I can see.

For, oh! there is a halo bright
Encircling all that's fair:—
A spirit throughout Nature breathes,
I feel it everywhere.

THE PRODIGAL.

RETURN, wandering youth, return to thy home,
No longer do thou a poor prodigal roam;
Thy conduct will only bring sorrow and shame,
To thyself and thy friends—oh! disgrace not their name.
Reflect for one moment how many must bear
The burden thy sins now add to their care;
The heart of thy mother is breaking for thee,—
For a child whom she hoped her comfort would be.
To soothe her last hours, as life passed away,
Oh! wilt thou not yet be her comfort and stay;
Thy case is a sad one, oh! wandering youth,
Thou hast left the bright pathway of virtue and truth
For a road filled with thorns, and the farther you go
The deeper you'll sink in misery and woe;
The companions thou'st chosen will not by thee stand,
When death lays upon thee his icy-cold hand.

Then where wilt thou go? to what shelter fly?
Unprotected and friendless, alone you must die;
Return while there's hope, return while you may,
Heaven grant that in folly no longer you'll stray.
Oh! why dost thou linger? why wilt thou not come
And light up with joy thy desolate home?

SPRING.

NO longer howls the Winter storm,
The sun is bright, the air is warm,
And though the forest trees are bare,
The little birds are nestling there;
They've come their hymns of praise to sing,
And welcome in the opening Spring.

TWILIGHT.

HOW beautiful is Nature as day fades away,
And the shadows of night round us silently play:
In the calm light of heaven earth seemeth to rest,
While the image of God is stamped on her breast.

The soft shades of twilight are over her thrown,
Like an halo of glory ere night cometh on;
The winds fan her slowly and sigh as they pass
Through the leaves and the flowers and long waving grass.

How holy—how pure in her beauty she seems,
Like a vision of heaven, a land of sweet dreams;
Where all our fond hopes of the future still lie,—
A home where the soul's ever longing to fly.

In the lonely retreats of the forest and glen
The spirits of angels seem mingling with men,
How welcome to us is the moment that brings
The angel of peace and repose on its wings.

Far away in the west the brilliant clouds lie,
Like islands they float in the clear golden sky;
In splendour and glory the day disappears,
While the dew falls from heaven in beautiful tears.

At the close of life's day, when death draweth near,
May my sky be as calm, as bright, and as clear;
May the glory of God, ere my spirit depart
Through the valley of death, illumine my heart.

THE LITTLE BROOK.

N Spring I heard the little brook
Go singing on its way;
I stood upon its flowery banks,
And listened to its lay.

Its simple song was one of love,
With wildness in its tone,
Its passing life but seemed to me
An emblem of my own.

Its strains were very sad and sweet,
Mingling like light and shade,
As on they floated with the breeze,
Down through the silent glade.

The shadows of the tall trees fell
Upon its bosom fair,
While sunbeams through their branches played,
Like hope 'mid clouds of care.

THE STRANGER.

WE met but once, we ne'er may meet again,
And yet thy form, thy face in memory lives;
One glance of thine time never can efface,
That passing look to my lone heart still pleasure gives.

It lingers through the darkness of the night,
It follows me—it haunts my wandering dream;
A beauteous shadow in my lonely hours,
A vision on life's dark and troubled stream.

I WILL COME TO THEE, LOVE.

IN dreams of delightful repose,
My spirit will whisper to thee,
It will come on the wings of the air,
Thy companion I ever will be;
The angels will come with me, love,
We'll guard thee by night and by day,
We'll hover around thee unseen,
And hold sweet communion with thee.

For death cannot part us, oh, no!
It only the spirit will free
From this cumbersome body of earth,—
Remember I'm ever with thee;
I'll not say farewell to thee, love,
For divided we never can be,
My form thou wilt see in thy dreams,
Weep not but rejoice when I'm free.

THE PAST.

BACK, back we go, and from the past
We cull the choicest flowers
From youth's bright garden, where they bloomed
In childhood's sunny hours.

We place them 'mong the wither'd leaves
That lie around the heart,
They smile upon the loneliness,
And fragrance sweet impart.

They're like the stars of heaven amid
The darkness of the night,
They'll shine upon the path of age,
And cheer its wintry blight.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN I can hear thee calling,
As thy leaves around are falling,
I can hear thee sadly say,
To the thoughtless and the gay,
Dying, dying, dying.

Every leaf a lesson teaches,
Nature to each mortal preaches,
Plainly on its face we see
Written immortality.
Dying, dying.

Spirit immortal, glorious thought!
It lives within us ever bright,
And when the outward form shall die,
The soul will seek its home on high,
And live, for ever live!

GRAY HAIRS.

HE gray hairs mingle with the brown,
Time brings them very fast,
And places them upon my head
To mind me youth is past.

The first brought sadness to my heart,
A tear into my eye,
But now I calmly look on them
As summer flowers that die.

Or like the withered autumn leaf
Upon the forest tree,
They're still the summer leaf and flower,
Though faded they may be.

The garland thoughtful nature weaves,
Around the fairest head,
A crown of honour given to age
When youth's bright charms have fled.

My cheek may fade, my hair turn gray,
And wrinkles mark my brow,
I care not if my heart still beat
As warmly then as now.

WOMAN RULES THE WORLD.

WOMAN rules the world, although her name
Is seldom on the scroll of fame:—
The plastic mind of infant man
She moulds according to her plan;

Her power is great, and with her skill
She can control for good or ill.
O, would that virtue, truth, and love
Would every mother's spirit move;
In infancy she sows the seeds
That bring forth good or evil deeds.
The child's first lesson should be truth,
It beautifies both age and youth;
Once deeply rooted in the heart,
'Twill be a charm 'gainst vice and art.
'Tis to the owner sword and shield
An armour for life's battle field,
A treasure that wealth cannot buy,
A passport to that world on high;
It lights our path and points to heaven,
When every earthly tie is riven.
O guard the first bright ray of truth
That dawneth on the mind of youth.
How watchful should the parent be
O'er weak and helpless infancy!

'Tis woman's task to mould the mind
To all that's pure and good and kind.
God grant her wisdom from above,
And teach her how to rule with love.

TO * *

I CAN'T be happy when thou'rt gone,
I feel as if I were alone,
Thy absence makes my heart grow sad,
But with thee I was joyful, glad.

That which looked beautiful to me,
When I could share it, love, with thee,
Now brings no joy, but oft a tear,
I'm only happy when thou'rt here.

I know the stars may shine as bright,
The moon may shed as pure a light,
But, oh! they cannot bring to me
That calm delight as when with thee.

The flowers are looking very fair,
Balmy and fragrant is the air,
Sweet voices breathe in kindly tone,
But yet I feel I am alone.

The scenes that we so fondly loved,
The hills and dales where oft we roved,
But waken thoughts of saddest tone,
And make me feel that I'm alone.

DEAD HERE, LIVING HEREAFTER.

EAD are the summer leaves,
Dead are its flowers,
Dead are my heart's first hopes,
Dead are its hours.

Pale are the sunbeams,
Chill grows the wind
Casting a sadness
Over the mind.

Sadly it singeth,
Wildly it moans,
Over my heart chords
Sweepeth its tones.

O, never so sad
  Was a minstrel's lay,
As the song that the winds
  Of autumn play.

Living are the summer leaves,
  Living are its flowers,
Living are my heart's first hopes,
  Though dead are its hours.

In our bright home above,
On the fair shores of peace and love,
  There they eternally live.

CHILDHOOD.

H! lovely childhood, innocence
Her garlands round thee weave
Bright hours, ere sin has cast its net
Thy young heart to deceive.

Confidingly thou trustest all,
For all to thee are true,
And earth seems all thou could'st desire,
While it to thee is new.

Love throws its halo round thy path,
A pure and holy light,
It is undim'd by selfishness
Or disappointment's blight.

CEASE REPINING.

RESTLESS mortal cease repining,
Waste not time in anxious care,
All thy murmuring and complaining
Will not help life's ills to bear.

Life has joy as well as sorrow,
And of both we have our share,
We do half our trouble borrow,
Slighting joy for anxious care.

God will fit us for our burden,
Trust in Him and never fear,
Borrowed care thy heart will harden,
Clouds can't always hover near.

SPRING.

COME, I come, said the Spring, with smiles,
As the Winter was passing away,
I'll deck the orchards, the meadows, and hills,
And the rivulets sweetly will play.

The birds I will bring from a fairer clime,
They long for their native home,
They've been waiting for me, long waiting the time,
How sweetly they'll sing when they come.

The pretty white lambs will skip o'er the lawn,
And the squirrel from tree to tree
Will leap with new life: "O, winter is gone,"
Will murmur the sweet busy bee.

It is not a year since I left the earth green,
And scattered bright flowers everywhere;
But Winter is cold, wherever he's been
The ground is all frozen and bare.

I follow his footsteps, to cheer up the way
I'll call the bright flowers from the earth;
The child, the youth, and the old man that's gray,
Will all rejoice at their birth.

The cold winds of Winter may howl when I come,
With anger may rave for awhile,
But I'll banish them all, and cheer every home
And heart with my beautiful smile.

But I'm coming, I'm coming, and I'll cover the earth
With a beautiful carpet of grass;
The silvery streams will ripple and play,
And chatter with mirth as they pass.

FEAR NOT TO DIE.

FEAR not to die, O mortal man,
'Tis but to break life's silken chain,
And let thee into life.
Why after earthly pleasures grieve,
Dost thou wish always here to live
In this dark world of strife?

Ah! what is life? A fading dream,
A shadow on a passing stream,
A sunbeam on the wave!
Our journey is a pilgrimage,
And short the road from youth to age,
That endeth in the grave.

Rough is the smoothest path in life,
With trials it is ever rife,
Its flowers are mix'd with thorns.
Who has not wept the bitter tear?
Who has not had of grief a share?
For this man mourns.

Ah! who would live when friends are dead,
When all their earthly hopes had fled,
And they were left alone?
Their lov'd ones taken by death's hand,
Transplanted to a better land,
Would they not too be gone?

Death ever comes a welcome guest
When man's alone and all unblest,
Then he fears not to die.
He sighs for rest, and longs to go
From these dark scenes of earthly woe
To brighter joys on high.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

MUSIC, soft music, comes to us
Upon the silent air,
And lowest, sweetest minstrelsy
For ever floateth there.

Like angel voices oft it seems,
And oft like angel's lyre,
That God has tuned by His own hand
To raise our spirits higher.

Love pours its strains from every note,
We feel the influence roll:
Our tongues cannot express its power,
It speaketh to the soul.

'Tis God's own voice, and He alone
The mystery can reveal;
But this we know—there is a God,
His presence we can feel.

The sorrowful, the weary heart,
His voice may ever hear;
Through Nature He doth speak to all,
Our God is everywhere.

HAPPINESS.

OH! happiness, thou recreant child,
Where art thou but in fancy wild?
We seek thee here, we seek thee there,
But cannot find thee anywhere.

I hear some say, thou hast thy birth
' Mid scenes of gaiety and mirth,
At fashion's shrine, 'neath gilded dome,
Oh! happiness, is this thy home?

Dost thou forsake the poor man's cot,
And never seek that lonely spot?
'Tis he who long has sighed for thee,
Go cheer him in his poverty.

Some say, in childhood's sunny hour,
Thou art a friend to rich and poor,
But I have seen, alas! too true,
That earth is not a home for you.

OH! LET ME DIE YOUNG.

OH! let me die young, while life hath its charms,
While the earth in its beauty brings joy to the heart,
Ere the chill winds of autumn or winter's bleak storm
Cast a shade o'er my brow, I would wish to depart.

I know youth's bright hours will soon pass away,
The spring time of life like a shadow will fade,
And hope's gayest wreathes, now budding for me,
Will die ere they blossom, in silence be laid.

Oh! let me die young, while around me kind friends
Will soothe my last hours, while hope points above
To that land of repose, where youth never ends,
Where eternally breathes the spirit of love.

The world has its beauties, while on them I gaze
A thrill of delight inspires my heart,
'Tis the morning of life, the spring of my days,
Yet for heaven with all of earth would I part.

Oh! let me die young, while the grass is yet high,
And the wild flowers their fragrance impart to the air,
Let them bloom on my grave, while the low zephyrs sigh
Through the willow that stands like a sad mourner there.

How sweetly my body in silence will rest,
While my spirit departs to its home in the sky,
Death opens the way to the land of the bless'd,
I have nothing to fear while my Saviour is nigh.

TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.

OH! why seek for riches with so much anxious care?
Have you not enough to eat, drink and wear?
Seek the kingdom of God and you've nothing to fear,
Lay up treasure in heaven—let your heart be there;
And believe while the raven and sparrow are fed
You will ever be sure of your water and bread.
Oh! why so distrustful when God is so kind?
Has He not been to you a Father and Friend?
Does He not say, I've numbered the hairs of thy head?
Then trust Him, you'll never want water or bread;
If you trust not in Him, to whom can you go?
No friendship like His the world can bestow:

A mansion He's promised that will ever endure,
And your water and bread will always be sure;
The Lord is all powerful, oh! in Him confide,
For all your necessities He will provide;
Take no thought for the morrow, the Saviour hath said,
Trust in Him and you'll never want water or bread.

NATURE.

THIS Nature that I love,
The trees, the flowers, the grass,
The beautiful bright sky above,
For these my God I bless.

Wherever I may gaze,
  New beauties greet my eye,
All Nature echoes praise
  To Him who rules on high.

Congenial here I find
  A spirit with my own,
A link that helps to bind
  Me to my Father's throne.

'Tis here I walk with Him,
  His low sweet voice I hear,
He whispers to my heart;
  I worship without fear.

TO THE WITHERED FLOWERS.

PALE, delicate flowers, when your beauty is gone,
Ye are left here deserted to perish alone,
Upon the cold ground your faded forms lie,
Unheeded, neglected, to wither and die.

Have ye not one mourner, not even the bee,
That gathered rich stores of sweet honey from thee?
And where is that gaudy, that gay butterfly,
And the sweet humming bird, have they left thee to die?

The birds of the forest oft drank the soft dew,
That fell from the skies, pale flowers, upon you;
They warbled their melodies, sang their sweet lays,
In the midst of thy perfume on bright summer days.

Thy soft blended tints, and richest of hues,
Attracted the eye of the painter and muse;
But when all thy fragrance and beauty were gone,
They left thee uncared for and friendless alone.

Deserted thou art not, pale flower, oh, no!
God sendeth from heaven the beautiful snow;
With a mantle of white it covers thy form,
To shield and protect thee from winter's cold storm.

How silent it comes, not a footstep is heard,
Its soft wing is lighter than that of a bird;
Fear not, little flowers, it will shelter thy tomb.
And when spring shall return again ye will bloom.

THE SNOWDROP.

THE little snowdrop comes
To herald in the spring,
In robe of spotless white,
With hope upon its wing;
It cometh when the forest
Is desolate and bare,
Upon the ruin smileth,
And bloometh brightly there.

It standeth pale and lonely
Amid the frost and snow,
And heedeth not the winds
That round it rudely blow;
It breathes its sweetest fragrance
Upon the cold, chill air,
It is an emblem ever
Of hope amid despair.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

HOW I love the first golden tints of the morn,
When the sun's bright rays creep over the lawn,
When the dewy grass glitters like diamonds fair,
And the flowers breathe fragrance upon the soft air.

When nature is fresh, and happy, and gay,
And welcomes with joy the new born day,
When the birds' sweetest melody greeteth the light,
As the bright rays of Sol chase the darkness of night,

When music comes floating on every breeze,
Till the leaves gaily flutter and dance on the trees,
And the wild flower, that sleeps in its green mossy bed,
In sweetest simplicity raises its head.

Oh! morning's the time when our spirits should be,
Like the birds and the flowers—light, happy, and free;
When our hearts should expand with rapture and love,
To the God of creation—our Father above.

EARLY SORROW.

TIME hastens on and yet to me
The hours seem dull and weary,
Strange, strange indeed my lot has been,
My life so dark and dreary.

In childhood's hour, at morn of life,
When others seldom dream of care,
A shadow o'er my spirit came,
That shadow ever lingers there.

Too early was my spirit crushed,
Too soon misfortune aimed its blow,
Too long I've been in sorrow's school,
Too keenly I have felt earth's woe,

Oh! world thou hast no resting place,
Long I've been taught this truth to know,
For when the mind most peaceful is,
There's lurking near some deadly foe.

DISCONTENT.

IS there a being, either young or old,
Who does not sigh for something yet untold?
Where is the person who is satisfied?
Who wishes not for aught on earth beside?

Such person yet by me was never seen,
And I much doubt if such has ever been.
Some talk of a contented, happy mind,
But such an one I never yet could find.
When pleasing hopes and joys are in our view,
We may be happy for an hour or two;
When all goes right and prosperous in the gale,
Contentment may o'er discontent prevail:
But change the scene, let fortune frown awhile,
Where is the joy? and where the placid smile?
Our selfishness too often makes us blind,
And happiness we seek, where it we seldom find.
Ah! we must feel for others, and impart
The balm of comfort to the wounded heart;
This brings sweet peace, that earth can not bestow,
And none but those who practise charity can know.

THE AUTUMN DAYS.

THE sun smiles not as warmly as it did in summer hours,
The winds are not as soft, nor half so sweet the flowers,
The fairest blossoms faded lie, all mouldering on the ground,
No more we see with golden beams the lofty hill tops crowned.

The dying leaves with every blast are falling from the trees,
And well known voices of the past seem borne on every breeze,
The clouds have lost their summer hues and dark and wild they seem,
The music of the birds is hushed and swifter glides the stream.

The drooping vines cling to the walls though all their
leaves depart,
As when the charms of life decay love clingeth to the
heart:
I love the faded garlands that encircle autumn's brow,
Nature has never looked to me more beautiful than
now.

I calmly look upon the change that time so soon has
made,
The chill winds round me blow, but I of them am
not afraid,
I love to hear the solemn winds sing summer's parting
knell,
Although upon my heart it falls more sad than words
can tell.

Why should we grieve to see the flowers in death
around us lie,
When it is but to teach us that we too like them must
die,

We know they will awaken at the spring's first early call,
And God will breathe new life and health and beauty in them all.

Oh! death is beautiful to me, the twilight shade of life,
An hour in which the body rests from all earth's toil and strife;
I love fair Nature as she comes from winter's cold embrace,
When innocence and love is stamped upon her sweet young face.

I love the glorious summer skies, her bright and sunny hours,
When Nature stands unveiled, all decked in gayest buds and flowers,
But when pale autumn comes, we all its hallowed presence feel,
It doth the sad realities of life to us reveal.

The glories of another world it opens to our sight,
Brings sweet reflection to prepare us for the winter night
That leadeth to a glorious spring, when God shall bid us rise,
And call our spirits home to dwell with Him in Paradise.

THE SOUL I LOVE.

GIVE me a soul that's full of fire,
That's full of love to all mankind,
That hath no sordid, base desire
To crush the ignorant and blind.
Give me a man that ever acts
From duty and from love combined;
Who heedeth not another's faults,
And to his own is never blind.

A MAY MORNING.

'TWAS on a bright May morning, the winds were
sighing round my home,
The sunlight and the shadow were playing in my room,
I did not feel unhappy, yet I felt a little sad,
Though the birds were singing merrily, and all the
world seem'd glad.
I looked out from my window far down into the glade,
And there the lights and shadows together laughed
and played;
I looked up towards the heavens—where the shadows
and the light
Were playing 'mong the clouds—it was a glorious sight:
I walked down to the river, its face was very fair,
But many shadows dark I saw reflected there;
Its song had long been silent, for it had been frozen
o'er,
And fastened by the ice to the cold and cheerless shore.

Yet the spring had set it free, and its low sweet voice was heard
At the coming of the snowdrop, and the first song of the bird.
There is beauty in the sunlight, there is beauty in the shade,
There is beauty everywhere in all that God has made;
O, if life were all sunshine how parched and dry 'twould be
'Tis the mingling of the shadow with the light we love to see;
'Tis not upon the mountain top where the flowers are brightest seen,
Nor where the clear stream runneth and the grass is ever green:
Oh, no! 'tis where the mountain casts its shadow in the vale—
Where God hath o'er the beauties of Nature thrown a veil.

SOLITUDE.

WITH eager haste to thee we fly,
Thou friendly shade of solitude;
To thee we trust the rising sigh,
Where none their presence dare intrude.

When cares and anxious fears arise,
We'll seek thy shady bowers;
For only thou canst sympathise
With hearts as sad as ours.

With thee alone relief we find,
Sweet soother of the aching heart;
When earth is cold, and we've no friend,
To thee our sorrow we'll impart.

MUSINGS.

BENEATH the tangled trees I stood,
Gazing around me through the wood,
Where all was one vast solitude:
The wild flowers beneath my feet
Imparted to me fragrance sweet,
And thus my coming seemed to greet.

The river slowly by me strayed,
And o'er the pebbles danced and played,
And sweetest, saddest music made.
The birds sang loving songs to me,
And gaily flew from tree to tree,
And hopped around me joyfully.

Though varied music stirr'd the air,
Yet solitude was reigning there,
Above, below, and everywhere,
And holy seem'd the atmosphere,
I felt a hallowed presence near,
And knew God's shadow rested there.

HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

HOME of my childhood, fare thee well!
I leave thee with an aching heart,
Where I may roam no tongue can tell,
It makes me sad that we must part;
I go in all my loneliness
Alone upon life's stormy sea,
No voice of love will e'er me bless
When I am gone, my home, from thee.

The flowers I've nursed with tender care
Will bloom, alas! but not for me,
Upon the soft and balmy air
Their fragrance will neglected be;
The little birds will come in spring,
And build their nests in yonder tree,
Their songs of love will sweetly sing
Around my home, but not to me.

In after years, when sad and lone,
My spirit will return to thee,
To seek the light that on it shone
In childhood's hour—in infancy:
Farewell, my home! a long farewell!
Yet fondly cherished thou wilt be,
Each wood and grove, each hill and dell,
Farewell! a long farewell to thee!

THE CHANGE.

YOU saw me in my youth, when hope
And joy were on my brow,
Alas! I am so changed that you
Would scarcely know me now.

My eyes were brighter, and the rose
Was blooming on my cheek,
The rose has faded, and my eyes
Of sadness seem to speak.

My step was light and buoyant then,
Elastic, quick and free,
I was as gay as any bird
Upon the woodland tree.

You saw me in my summer bloom,
'Tis autumn with me now,
And as the flower bends to the breeze,
So I to autumn bow.

My locks are changing, and a wreath
Of white I soon shall wear:
Nature my winter garland doth
In time for me prepare.

SWEET MEMORIES.

ALL earth's brightest hopes will fade from the heart,
As the sunlight at evening fades out from the sky;
The fairest flowers wither by autumn's chill breath,
And buried 'neath snows in winter they lie.

But, ah! there are memories that never decay,
That linger while a life-pulse beats in the heart;
They brighten life's shadows, as stars light the night,
Their freshness and beauty will never depart.

There are voices whose echo still fall on the ear,
Though the lips and the tongue are silenced in death;
Sweet spirits that live on the wings of the air,
And oft sweep the chords of our hearts with their breath.

There are forms on whose bosoms we've often reclined,
In the shades of the past they now silently rest;
But their shadows oft picture themselves to the mind,
And awaken sweet memories of love in the breast.

There are faces and smiles that we never forget,
Like sunbeams they play through the shades of the heart;
The cheek's bloom may wither, the body decay,
But the loved ones from memory will never depart.

TO * *

SOMETIMES thou think'st me very sad,
And sometimes very gay,—
Why into such extremes I'm led
Is no great mystery.

For nature formed me as you see,
A very curious creature;
Do I not vary, too, from thee
In every look and feature.

What then do you expect of me,
That I must think and act like thee?
I'd be a silly creature;
We all must act by nature's rules,
Or we will surely act like fools.

JUDGE NOT.

OH, suffer not your tongue to speak
Rashly of failings in another,
Remember you are faulty, weak,
And make allowance for your brother;
If he should from his duty stray,
And turn aside from virtue's road,
By your example point the way
That leads to happiness and God.

What made you better than the worst
Of all the human race?
Why were you not like many cursed
With ruin and disgrace?

Let not your selfishness condemn,
Leave God to judge the heart;
He only knows what first caused them
From virtue to depart.

None of us know what we may be,
Or what we would have been
If placed in dark temptation's way,
To us unknown, unseen;
We may have faults within ourselves,
Which they do not possess,
Let us examine our own hearts,
And judge our neighbours' less.

YOUTH'S PICTURE.

HOW far my childhood seems, how very far away,
'Tis like some distant landscape dimm'd by the twilight ray;
I love that misty picture, for on it I can trace
The early haunts of childhood, each old familiar place.

Though the brightness has departed, its beauty has not fled,
It is life's fairest picture, 'twill live till I am dead,
With all its dreaminess it seems so like reality,
That oft I fancy I'm a child upon my father's knee.

I hear my mother's loving voice, ah! as in days of yore,
'Tis sweet to wander back to youth that comes to us no more;

When I am fill'd with sorrow I look through all the gloom,
And see my spring's first buds just bursting into bloom.

They're faded! Yes, I know they are, upon my breast they lie,
But then they look'd so beautiful, I thought they'd never die;
I cherish them, and love them still, because they were so fair,
And memory's picture always shows them to me as they were.

O, who would not look back to the bright and pleasant spring,
When the autumn leaves are falling, and its winds around us sing,
When the birds have flown, and flowers upon the ground lie dead,
And all that we have lov'd hath for ever from us fled?

Then chide me not for loving the picture of my youth,
To me 'tis full of beauty, of innocence, and truth,
I see my first friends there, the truest I have known,
And the picture's very dear to me since all those
friends are gone.

TIME.

TIME is old, and he knows very well
That this world is no place for repose;
The same road he's travelled for years,
'Tis a dangerous one, too, he well knows.
Life's journey we're ever pursuing,
By night and by day,
And though we are weary he'll not let us stop
To rest on the way.

THE LONE BIRD.

WHY art thou not singing, birdy?
Why sit silent on that tree?
Birds are singing in the forest,
Why not join them in their glee?
Since thou know'st it is the spring time,
'Tis the time for love and song,
Why art thou not gay and merry,
Mingling with that happy throng?

Stranger, once my heart was merry,
And my song as loud and clear
As the birds in yonder forest—
When the one I lov'd was near

But I hear his voice no longer,
He has left me on this tree,
O, I fear he does not love me,
For he comes no more to me.

When that little nest was building,
How he warbled, chirped, and played,
Not a bird in all the forest
Sweeter music ever made;
Now the little nest is swinging
To and fro upon the tree,
All our little ones are dying,
Yet he comes no more to me.

THE DYING YEAR.

THE old year is dying, come, bid him farewell,
The clock will soon toll out his funeral knell,
Shall we sing him a dirge? Oh, no! we will weep,
While the stars over him their last vigils keep,
And the winds sigh a requiem over his grave,
And his dirge will be sung by the sad sea wave:
Fair blossoms around our path he first flung,
He had bright hopes for all, the old and the young,
The most of those blossoms lie wither'd and dead,
While briers and thorns have sprung up in their stead,
Yet hope is still flinging fresh blossoms around,
With the briers and thorns they ever are found,
And the thorns are as useful to us as the flowers,
They are sent to remind us of life's fleeting hours;

Time over earth's pleasures a dark shadow throws,
And each year makes shorter our life as it goes,
The fondest ties sever—the dearest in life—
Parents, brothers and sisters, and husband and wife;
To some they bring poverty, to others much wealth,
To some they bring sickness, to others good health,
To some they bring death, to others bring life,
To some they bring peace, to others much strife,
To some they bring joy, to others much sorrow,
And promise each day some good for the morrow,
Disappointment and dissatisfaction they leave,
For men are ungrateful for what they receive:
The old year is dying, his life will soon close,
Come, let us be silent while in death he'll repose:
'Tis twelve! O how sadly it falls on the ear;
He is gone! and we welcome the happy new year.

MY DREAM.

IN yonder varied clouds I saw
Thine own dark fate and mine,
The changing mysteries of life
In every fading line.

The lights and shadows there I saw
Of life's eventful day,
That picture I could never draw,
So soon it pass'd away.

But, oh! it left a cloudless sky,
All beautiful and fair:
The glorious sun resplendent shone,
The heavenly host were there.

EARTH'S BEAUTIES SOON FADE.

HOW soon earth's beauties fade away,
There's nothing we can call our own,
Its charms in memory only stay,
We gaze, admire, and lo! they're gone.

E'en those whom once we fondly loved,
We seek their counsel—Where are they?
Their kindness we have often proved,
They, too, are gone—they've passed away.

They are dead, but they will live again,
In forms more beautiful—more bright,
Though in the grave they long have lain,
We'll meet again in realms of light.

TO * *

I KNEW the time would come
When we must sever,
When thou wouldst leave thy home
Perhaps for ever.

But still I did not dream
That day so near,
When thou upon life's broad stream
Thy bark would steer.

Time brings to all a change,
Sooner or late,
Making the fireside strange
And the heart desolate.

YOUTH.

WOULD be young, be always young,
And live life o'er and o'er,
But Time, oh! Time, will never let
Me stop upon youth's shore.

He's borne me on his wings away
From that delightful spring,
Those budding hopes, those fairy dreams,
To which my heart still cling.

Why has he borne me from the smiles,
The brightness of youth's day?
My gay and happy dreams are passed,
For ever passed away.

A CLOUDY DAY.

THE clouds are of a dark gray hue,
The rain is falling fast,
The winds are howling round me,
With a cold and chilling blast.

A mist is in the forest,
A moaning sound is heard,
And the music of the wild winds,
My heart hath strangely stirred.

The little brook sings louder,
Its sweet undying song,
'Tis echoed back from wild winds
That madly rush along.

In all this grand commotion,
The graceful little flower,
As fearless as the tall oak,
Defies the storm-king's power.

So is a gentle woman,
'Mid sorrow, care, and gloom,
By man she boldly standeth,
And cheers his heart and home.

A WORLD OF FANCY.

OH! would that I might always live
As in my early days,
In fancy's land, a world of love,
Where shone hope's brightest rays.

My heart was light, my spirit free,
But now I'm left to weep;—
Oh, if it were a dream to me,
Would I might always sleep.

Oh! would I never had awoke
To what I now endure;
A knowledge of the world will make
A wound it cannot cure.

From cold realities of life
My wandering spirit turns,
Such scenes of mockery and strife,
My heart now proudly spurns.

MY HEART IS THINE.

I LOVE thee—none could love thee more,
But oh! I would not love thee less,
And in my last expiring hour,
Still with my lips thy name I'll bless;
Oh! never doubt, whate'er may come,
But that my love is thine alone,
And earth would cease to be my home,
If thou wert dead, if thou wert gone.

A heart like mine could never change,
Though every hope of joy were fled,
Each voice but thine to me were strange,
And I to all but thee were dead;
Thou art enshrined within my soul,
Thine image there will ever live,
Thou dost my actions, thoughts, control,
My heart to thee I freely give.

When life's last links in sunder break,
And fancied hopes have passed away,
Ceaseless will burn within the wreck,
That love which never can decay:—
'Twill live, when soul and body part,
In that eternal world above,
Where we again will re-unite,
For death can never conquer love.

HOPELESS LONGINGS.

BURDENED is my heart with longings
For those pleasures undefined,
Ever seeking after something
More to satisfy the mind;
Even when the body's sleeping,
Wakeful is the restless mind,
Wandering o'er the world for something,—
Something which it cannot find.

TELL ME, YE WINDS.

TELL me, ye winds! that waft your strains
So sweetly o'er the hills and plains,
Where came ye from? where is your home?
Oh! gently murmur whence ye come.

Your music falls upon my ear
Like voices from another sphere;
Familiar, sweet and loving tones
I fancy mingle with thy moans.

Art thou a spirit? thou must be!
Oh! would that I could roam as free;
Alike to thee both night and day,
Thou'rt ever singing on thy way.

Thy harp, with its low mournful sighs,
Touches the chord where sorrow lies,
'Tis tuned to play for our relief,
When most our hearts are touched with grief.

NIGHT.

O H! beautiful night!
With stars so bright,
I welcome thee!
When daylight fades,
Through thy dark shades,
New worlds I see.

Ye are a book,
Wherein I look,
God's works to see;
Voiceless thou art,
Yet oft my heart
Communes with thee.

THE ANGELS' CALL.

MOTHER! listen to the angels,
Don't you hear them calling me?
Sometimes I almost fancy
Their faces I can see.

Long I have heard them calling,
They must be very near;
They are coming, they are coming,
O, mother! they are here.

They want me, dearest mother!
To be an angel, too;
And then my little spirit
Will often visit you.

Dear mother! do not weep,
Your angel child I'll be;
And love you just as well,
And you will still love me.

I'm sure you will be happy
When my little spirit's free;
But when I'm gone, dear mother!
O do not weep for me.

BLOW WIND, BLOW.

BLOW wind, blow, scatter all my fears,
Blow wind, blow, dry up all my tears,
Drive away the clouds that around me lower,
Bring me sweetest incense from the opening flower,
Sing thy song to me, though 'tis sad and wild,
Like the plaintive moanings of some orphan child:

How my heart chords vibrate when your voice I he
'Tis so wild and thrilling, yet so sweet and clear;
On thy wing thou bearest many a widow's moan,
Many an orphan's cry from a heart that's lone,
Many a parting tear, many a sad farewell,
Many a dying groan, many a funeral knell,
Many a loving word, many a broken vow:
Who has so much sorrow, so much care as thou?

TIME'S CALL.

H! ask me not to linger,
I have no time to stay,
Time ever bears me onward,
It calls, Away, away!

I must its summons follow,
Improve each hour each day,
For time will never linger,
It calls, Away, away!

AFFECTION.

OH! lone is the heart when affection's not there,
'Tis one dark scene of chaos, of gloom, and despair,
Let me breathe the pure air where love, peace, and joy,
The dark frowns of every evil destroy.

Let the pulse of my heart with sympathy beat,
Untainted by selfishness, pride, or deceit,
May the light of true love ever shine on the wave
That bears my bark onward through life to the grave.

True friendship's a treasure, a delicate flower
That blossoms and grows in misfortune's dark hour,
It withers not, fades not, 'twill never decay,
But grows brighter and brighter as life wears away.

Give me *one* friend, and I'll never repine,
Far richer the treasure than India's mine,
In sickness and health sweet peace he'll impart,
By kindness and love bringing joy to the heart.

Ah! what are the laurels of glory and fame,
Love binds not the wreath that encircles their name,
Though they shine for awhile, like a meteor bright,
They leave the heart lone as the shadows of night.

THE DEW.

PURE as a spirit's breath,
Soft as an angel's wing,
Is the voice of God that comes
To us from the mountain spring.

Sweet as an angel's lyre
Is the music of the wind,
Its notes are strangely sad,
But suited to the mind.

How silent falls the dew
Upon the opening flowers,
Like sorrow on the heart
It comes in darkest hours.

It comes when leaves are scorched
And withered by the heat,
It purifies, refreshes,
And makes the blossoms sweet.

The dark cloud scatters rain
O'er all the thirsty earth,
Our greatest blessings from
The shadows have their birth.

A PRAYER.

FATHER, let my weary spirit
Ever find repose in Thee;
In the dark hour of temptation,
Raise Thine arm and shelter me
Disappointment, pain, and sorrow
Cast their shadows o'er my life:
Make me patient and submissive
Trusting Thou wilt bring relief.
Father, let me lean upon Thee,
Light my joyless heart once more,
Shield me, love me, and protect me
Till my struggling life is o'er.

DISAPPOINTED ASPIRATIONS.

WHY were we born with soaring minds,
With aspirations noble—high?
Why do our spirits soar beyond
The bound where we must live and die?

Why were we born too sensitive
To brave the ills we have to bear?
Why were we ever made to love
That which is beautiful and fair?

Why do the spring and summer flowers
Fade by the autumn's chilling breath?
Why do our lov'd ones pass away
So silent to the shades of death?

THE RETURN OF THE SPRING BIRDS.

THOUGH the trees are naked,
And the ground is bare,
Yet I hear bird-voices
Chirping everywhere.
It is cold and cheerless,
March winds loudly blow,
Hill and dale looks dreary,
Not a stream doth flow;
Yet they know 'tis spring time,
And they've come to see,
Buds and blossoms bursting
From the ground and tree.

THE RIVER DERWENT.

RIPPLE, ripple, winding river, as ye pass along,
'Minding me of smiles we meet sometimes among the throng,
From strangers whose familiar looks we seem
To recognise as through a mist, a dream,
Leave your music's echo sounding on the shore,
Like the voice of those whom we meet no more:
May I leave on some heart, long after I am dead,
As much of light and joy as ye have on mine shed;
The ray divine which lights thy soul, may it illumine mine;
I've caught sweet inspiration from that thrilling song of thine,
Let it swell along your green banks, oh! beautiful bright river,
Let it swell upon the wild winds for ever and for ever;

All the air is stirred with sweetest notes of love,
Like holy inspiration from the courts above,
Thou windest through the meadow, the forest, and the glade,
Thy life like mine is mingled with sunlight and with shade,
The flowers that bloom in summer upon thy banks so green,
Unconscious of their beauty they come and go unseen,
While the grass looks fresh they're mouldering, unheeded and alone,
On the spot where they first blossomed, uncared for and unknown.
Oh! river fair, upon thy banks at eve I love to stray,
When on thy rippling breast the moonbeams dance and play,
When holy stars look down with love and watch me from the sky,
And all the heavens mirrored in thy waters seem to lie,

When angel voices come to me on every passing breeze,
That in sweet cadence die away among the distant trees,
When lights and shadows dance and play together on the ground,
And flowers like censers swing and breathe their fragrance all around,
Then I can look up into heaven and know that God is there,
And in the silence round me feel His presence very near.

THE SPRING OF LIFE.

I WILL not grieve that spring is gone,
My own bright pleasant spring,
Although its joys and hopes yet to
My memory fondly cling.

Its faded light still glimmers in
My heart, and cheers its way
Back to the happy shores, where first
I saw the light of day.

My father takes me by the hand,
And kindly looks on me,
My mother's gentle voice I hear,
Her calm sweet face I see.

My brothers and my sisters there
Still live in youthful bloom,
Though many years have passed since they've
Been lying in the tomb.

I walk through groves and meadows, where
The streamlets wind their way,
Where cattle graze, and where I see
The young lambs skip and play.

Where buttercups and daisies bloom,
Flowers that we ne'er forget,
Their happy faces seem to look
And smile upon me yet.

Through quiet lanes with pleasant friends,
Again at eve we stray,
When sunbeams crown the tree tops with
The light of parting day.

Kind memory ever keeps my heart
Young, joyous, happy, free,
And though my spring is passed away,
Its shadow lives with me.

I do not wish it to return,
For as I farther go,
I find the streams of happiness
Much deeper, broader grow.

Each day some region unexplored
Upon my vision breaks,
New beauties that within my heart
New love and hope awakes.

And though my spring is past, I mourn
Not for its happy days,
A shadowy dream that left upon
My heart its purest rays.

I love the morn, but better love
The busy scenes of day,
Its toil, its strife, its crooked paths,
And its bewildering way.

Welcome will be the closing scene,
When toil and strife are o'er,
When youth and spring immortal, shall
Be ours for evermore.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE autumn days are come,
The winds do mournful sigh,
The leaves upon the ground
All scatter'd round us lie.

Day after day I saw them
Fall silent from the tree,
The seared and yellow leaves I love,
They're beautiful to me.

I know there is a spirit
Still in their faded forms,
That will outlive the cold
And dreary winter storms.

Nature is weaving for them
  Garments of every hue,
And they are but exchanging
  The old ones for the new.

And God is watching o'er them,
  He doth their wants supply,
He feeds, and clothes, and warms them,
  And will not let them die.

I love the fresh spring leaves,
  And fragrant summer flowers,
But dear to me are fading leaves,
  And thoughtful autumn hours.

God made this world so beautiful,
  That everywhere I see
Something that leads my heart to Him,
  And speaks of heaven to me.

The seasons all are lovely, yet
To me they ever seem,
In all their varying forms, to teach
Us life is but a dream.

Its fading beauties charm the heart,
But fail to satisfy
The immortal longings of the soul
For its own native sky.

TO LIZZIE.

THE hours that I have spent
So pleasantly with thee,
Think not that I'll forget them
When far across the sea.

I shall think of thee with friendship,
When I speak thy name 'twill be
With kindness and affection,
At home across the sea.

I would thou might'st cherish
One lingering thought of me,
When I am far away
From thee across the sea.

Farewell for ever here,
But heaven grant that we
May meet in that bright world
Across life's stormy sea.

SONGS OF NATURE.

OH! there are songs that thrill the soul
With rapture and delight,
On, on, and on, and on, they roll,
From morning until night.

They burst from every living thing,
In praises all unite,
And earth is filled with melody
From morning until night.

And when the sun lies in the west,
Oh! what a glorious sight,
The music's hushed, the world is still,
Stars welcome in the night.

Fair watchers o'er a slumbering world,
A host of beauty bright,
While Lunar's pensive face lights up
The solitude of night.

LIFE'S MAZE.

THE shade of the past much sorrow conceals,
The light of the future hope to us reveals,
Though the future and past, like a mystical dream,
Encircled in darkness to us ever seem;
As well might we look through the shadows of night,
For those objects we only behold by the light:
'Tis true through the darkness the bright stars look down,
And we see them encircle the earth like a crown;
So a light on the soul through the darkness doth shine,
A heavenly hope, a Spirit Divine.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

BLOW, blow, ye winds, and bear to me,
From friends far, far, beyond the sea,
Some sweet consoling words of love,
That will these anxious fears remove.

Oh! gentle winds, I know ye roam
To my own land, to my lov'd home,
Then why to me can'st thou not bring
Some words of comfort on thy wing?

Oh! bring some word from friends whose hearts
Are link'd with mine, whom distance parts,
Tell them there lives in spirit one
With them, though far away he's gone.

TO * *

THE cold winds loudly blow,
The rain is falling fast,
And the forest trees are bending
Neath the fury of the blast;
I am looking from my window,
I am waiting love for thee,
And wondering if thou'lt come
On this stormy day to me:
I anxiously expect thee,
Yet hope thou wilt not come,
I know 'tis better for thee
If thou remain at home;
My thoughts will travel to thee,
With wings no storm can stay,
And my spirit will be with thee,
Though my body's far away.

FAREWELL TO LONDON.

FAREWELL awhile to London,
Its foggy atmosphere,
The gloom affects my spirits,
The skies are seldom clear.

I'm going now to Paris,
Where all is light and gay,
To see if brighter, fairer skies,
Will drive this gloom away.

London! your antique buildings,
And noble works of art,
I've wondered at and much admired,
But grieve not that we part.

ADIEU TO PARIS.

OH! Paris, all thy glittering show
Can never win my heart,
For my own home, my native land,
I gladly with thee part.

For I have friends who anxious wait
To welcome me once more,
I see them as I saw them last
Upon that distant shore.

I see them gazing after me,
As far as eye can reach,
Till lost in distance, like a speck,
They stand upon the beach.

'Twas thus we parted, may we meet
With hearts as warm, as true;
Oh! Paris, 'tis not strange that I
With joy bid thee adieu?

TO A FAVOURITE BLACKBIRD, WHOSE NOTES WERE VERY SAD.

POOR bird! thy song is much too sad
For one so sprightly and so gay,
Sure sorrow thou hast never had,
That thou should'st sing that plaintive lay!

I pity thee, poor bird, and yet
I cannot tell, I know not why,
I love thy song, to me 'tis sweet,
And yet it often makes me sigh.

There is a chord in my lone heart
Thy notes of sorrow often touch,
Thou'rt nature's child, and free from art,
And this is why I love thee much.

Dost thou sigh for thy native home?
For aught I know, poor bird, ye may;
Or dost thou sleep like me and dream
Of friends, of loved ones, far away?

I know not what ye think, but still
I know ye must be lonely there,
In that close cage against thy will,
A prisoner, if ye have no care.

HEAVENLY COMMUNION.

SOFT low echoes through my spirit,
From another world I hear,
Thoughts more pure and more congenial,
Floating from the upper sphere.

On they come like waves of ocean,
Beautiful and calm and clear,
Earth hath not so fair a vision,
Oh! I feel that heaven is near.

For I feel a sweet communion,
Far more holy, more divine,
Than my spirit ever witnessed
From an earthly heart to mine.

Thoughts of earth before its influence
Vanish into empty air,
While the heart expands with rapture
To behold a world more fair.

Words cannot express its beauty,
Only thought can reach its height,
Wandering on and on for ever,
Lost in heaven's eternal light.

HOLY GUIDANCE.

FORBID, O Lord, that I should stray
In sorrow's dark bewildering way;
O, light my path, and let me see
The road that leads to heaven and Thee.
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing,
Close to Thy side O may I cling,
Till all life's weary cares are o'er,
And I am safe on heaven's bright shore.

GOD REVEALED IN NATURE.

HOW quiet Nature seems, and yet how full of life,
How full of love and beauty, how free from care and strife,
How silently she worketh, how true her large heart seems,
A glimpse of heaven through her upon us sometimes gleams,
Her trees, her oceans, rivers, our God to us reveals,
The pure in heart through her His presence ever feels,
The falling rain, the hail and snow, the soft refreshing dew,
The gorgeous clouds, the foliage, and flowers of varied hue,
Speak more to man than words can tell of God's unchanging love,
His great omnipotence and power to us they plainly prove.

The varied music that ascends from valley, grove, and hill,
Is that sweet inspiration which He doth to us reveal,
The sun that giveth life and health to all that He has made,
The cooling and refreshing breeze, and the delightful shade,
The morn, the noon, the eve and night, by God were wisely plann'd,
And every thing is governed by that same Almighty hand.

MORNING.

THROUGH mist and shade the morning breaks,
And all the earth to love awakes:
'Tis sweet to hear the birds' first lay
That welcomes in the dawn of day;
To hear their warbling music swell
Through shadowy grove—through mead and dell,
And then in one sweet chorus rise
Like holy incense to the skies.

THE PRESENT.

THE present is all we can know,
Or ever was known to man,
To-morrow none ever could see,
The future none ever could scan.

The present is all we can claim,
Then let us be happy to-day,
While health and plenty we have
Throw care and trouble away.

Oh! let us the present improve,
The past in oblivion dies,
And life is fast fading away,
In the present our happiness lies.

ALONE.

MY spirit is sad,
No voice makes me glad,
For the one I love best is not here;
All nature is bright,
Yet it brings no delight,
But only a sigh and a tear.

The birds gaily sing
An anthem to spring,
Oh! that I were as happy as they;
I wish he would come,
While the violet's in bloom,
Before the spring passes away.

I love spring's happy hours,
The birds and the flowers,
But lonely to me every place;
Far dearer to me
Than bird, bush, or tree,
Is the beautiful smile of his face.

INFANCY.

I LOVE the past, it brings to me
Bright images of infancy,
When play at hoop and ball and kite,
Would fill my heart with sweet delight.

The merry laugh I now can hear,
Its echoes linger on my ear,
And as I think it o'er and o'er,
I wish I were a child once more.

OMNISCIENCE.

GOD! thy Spirit moves the world,
Controls the life of man;
How kind thou art, how good and great,
How wonderful thy plan.
Though things may often seem to us
Imperfect, rude, and wrong;
And men seem but in vain to work,
And toil their whole life long
In weariness, for that which brings
But sorrow, care, and pain;
It is because their eyes are dark,
To Thee it all is plain.

MUSINGS.

THE heart grows sad mid scenes of joy,
For joy is but a dream,
And life's a dream, for all things are
Not what to us they seem.

We look through distance and behold
The beautiful and fair,
But, ah! reality soon tells
Us pleasure is not there.

And this is why the heart grows sad,
Unsatisfied with earth,
So visionary are its joys
They vanish at their birth.

ASPIRATIONS.

ASK not fame, a meteor bright
That leaves the heart as dark as night;
I ask not honour, for on life's stream
It floateth like an idle dream;
But let my weary spirit find
A rest for the immortal mind:
Give me that wisdom from above
That fills the heart with peace and love;
May truth my magnate ever be,
To guide me over life's dark sea:
May love's bright star illume my soul,
And every action, thought control;
I would be noble, generous, kind,
To others' faults—not my own—blind.

FRAGMENTARY.

OH! may a spirit pure, divine,
Within its folds my heart enshrine!
May God's own love my soul inspire,
And fill it with celestial fire!

Man was not made to grovel here,
Without heaven's light his heart to cheer;
In Nature's charms he ever feels
That God through her Himself reveals.

Oh! earth is beautiful and bright,
'Tis filled with beams of heavenly light;
When sorrow comes and ties are riven,
They light the way and point to heaven.

Open the heart—let in the light—
And let the scales drop from your sight;
Beyond death's shadows you will see
A land of rest and liberty.

Look up, oh! man, to yonder skies,
Where world on world in beauty lies;
Oh! look away in distance far,
Your God you'll see in every star.

THE ABSENT.

THOU askest why my heart is not
Like thine so light and gay,
And tell me I am growing cold
And stranger every day.

And in the midst of gayest scenes,
When all is mirth and glee,
Unmoved and joyless I remain,
And share it not with thee.

One and one only claims my heart,
And he is far away,
He may be happy, he may not,
Then how can I be gay.

OMNIPOTENCE.

THE shades of night pursue the day,
And day pursues the night,
And thus they chase each other round
In never-ending flight.
And thus the planets round the sun
Move in their endless spheres,
Each have their night and each their day,
And each their varying years.

O God! Thy Spirit moves the world,
Controls the mind of man;
How kind Thou art—how good and great—
How wonderful Thy plan!

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

HIGH aspirations, noble thoughts,
Come from the Father, to Him go;
They are the links that make the chain
Through which all heavenly love must flow.
A chain connecting mind and heart
With His eternal loving will,
Divine and holy is its power,
And through it sweet emotions thrill.
Electric sparks of hope and love,
Of heavenly joy I feel and see;
They touch my soul with purer life,
And God Himself communes with me.

MEMORY'S PAGES.

OFT we turn to memory's pages,
Linger o'er them for awhile,
There some old friend warmly greets us
With a kind look or a smile.

There we see youth's scattered treasures,
All undimmed by time they seem,
Loving tokens of affection,
Bringing back the heart's first dream.

Memory sketched for us these pages
In our careless, thoughtless days,
When we dreamed not that their beauty
Was to cheer life's future maze.

There are flowers still fresh and lovely,
Blooming in the woods and fields,
And the fresh green grass still many
In its shadow half conceals.

As we turn the pages over,
All the present fades from sight,
And our spirits seem to revel
In the brightness of youth's light.

No dark clouds—they seldom linger
Long on youth's fair sunny sky,
But they nearer come, and nearer,
As the autumn draweth nigh.

On we turn to where the shadows
Dim the light of every page,
Where the heart seems worn and weary
With its acting on life's stage.

Where we turn to youth's first pleasures,
Which are fading from our sight,
Like a star in our horizon,
Setting in one endless night.

Now we turn the future pages,
Misty, dark, and strange they seem,
But a star of love and beauty
Seems on every page to beam.

On the withered flowers it smileth,
On the leafless winter tree,
On the frozen streams and rivers
It is beaming lovingly.

'Tis the star of hope that led us
On through childhood's sunny path,
And the same bright star shall guide us
Safely to the gate of death.

It shall light us through the valley,
To the spirit land of rest,
It shall guide us to the haven
Of the holy and the blest.

SHALL WE COME AGAIN?

SHALL we come again, as the spring returns when the winter has passed away?

Shall we come again, as young and fair as the buds and flowers of May?

Shall we come again, as the beams of morn break through the shades of night?

Will the spirit from death's shadow soar into the realms of light?

Shall we come again, as the tides return from the dark
unfathom'd sea?
Will life's dark waves lead to the shores of bright
eternity?
In never-ending circles do we like the planets move
Around one central sun, whose beams reflect both light
and love?
Spring, summer, autumn, winter, on in circles ever flow,
And are we like the seasons that so often come and go?
We know not, though in everything around us we can
see
An emblem of our fading lives, our own mortality:
We are a part of the great whole, placed here by God's
command,
Though mystery surrounds us we can see a Father's
hand;
On all His works the stamp of love and hope we clearly
see,
And written on earth's changing forms is immortality;

God's voice through Nature ever finds an echo in the heart,
Our bodies cling to earth because they are of it a part,
The restless spirit ever longs for something more divine,
It riseth higher, seeketh for a purer—holier shrine.

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